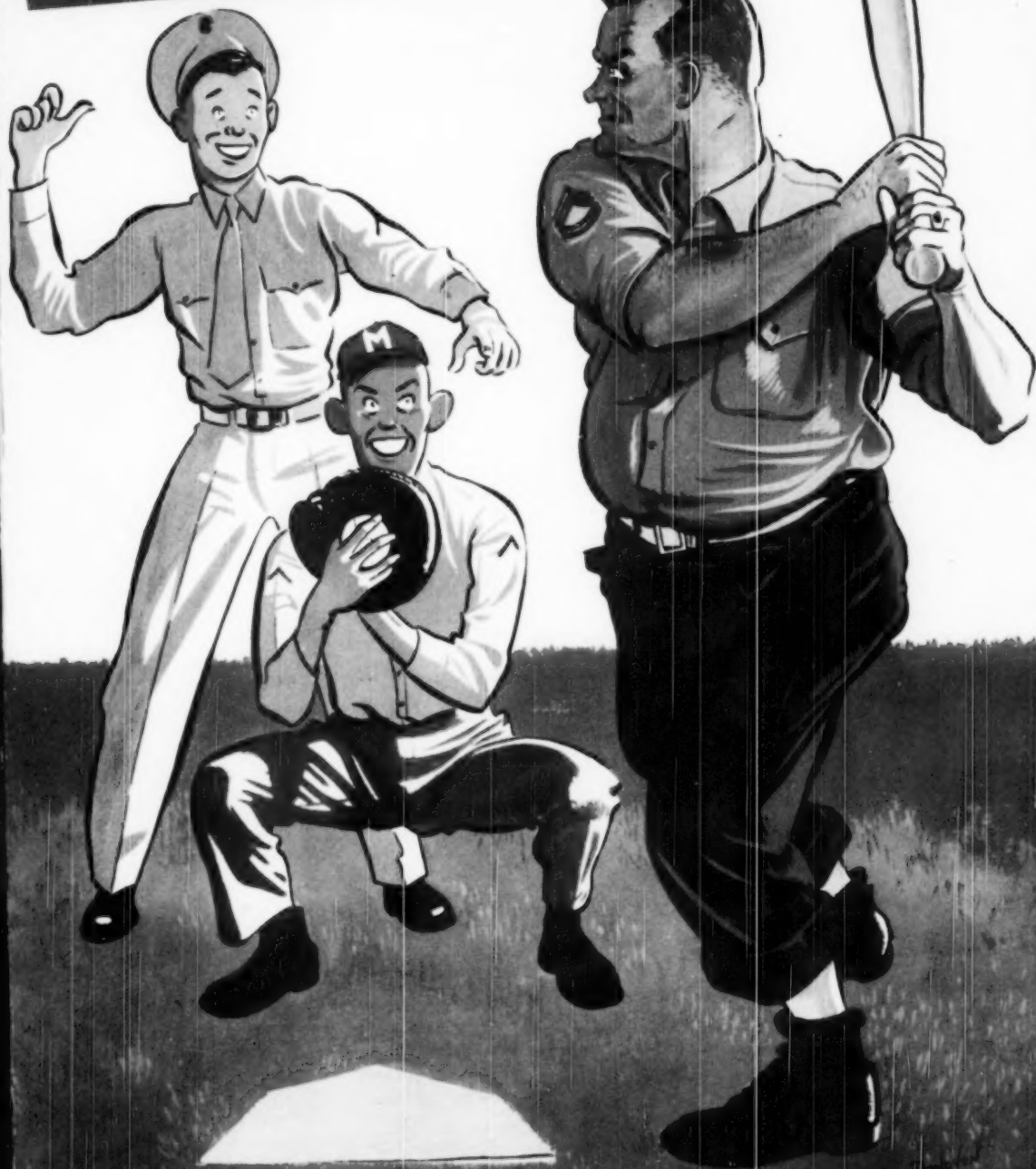


# *Leatherneck*

25c

MAY





# LEARN TO DRAW

POSTERS

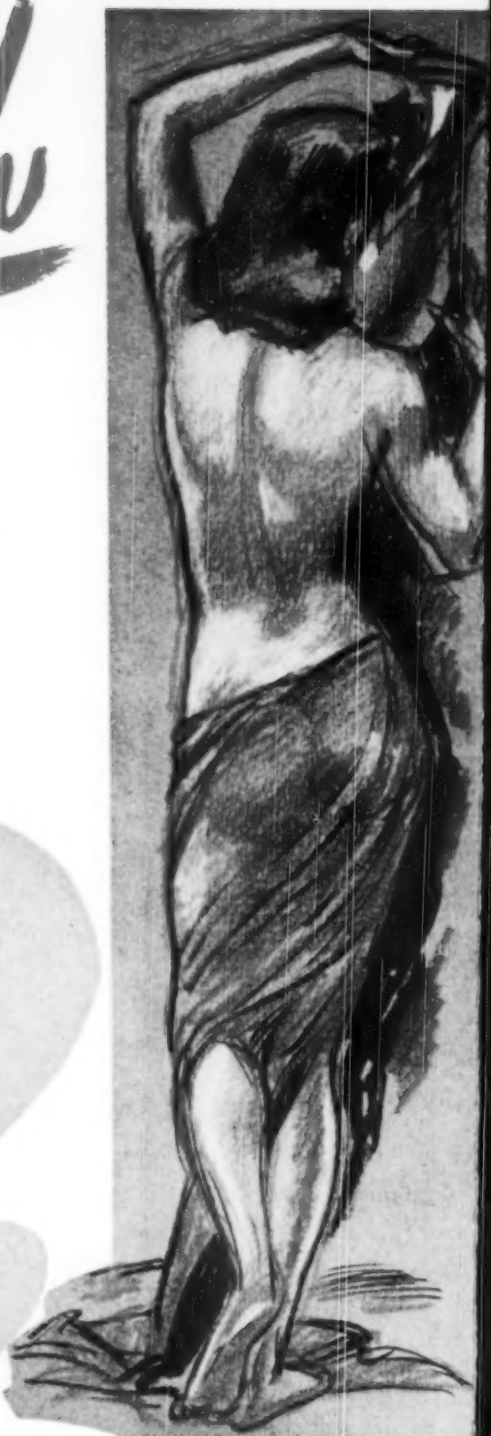
LETTERING

SKETCHING

"**W**ISH I could draw,—but, . . ." many Marines say when looking at character sketches, cartoons, and landscapes. Why go on wishing when there's so many hours of enjoyment sketched into MCI's COMMERCIAL ART course.

If you're a beginner, if you can't even draw a straight line, here is an art course that's a little different from others that you've heard about. Don't fret about "natural talent" because we aren't going to make you another Norman Rockwell. We will, however, teach you the rudiments of art and you definitely will learn to draw. What's more, you'll find it entertaining!

You can start the course right now by sending your rank, name, serial number, and address to the Marine Corps Institute, 8th and Eye Sts., S.E., Washington 25, D.C. Organized Reservists are also eligible. Don't be surprised when you find that you have been selling your art talent short



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## THE LEATHERNECK, MAY, 1950

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 5

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## SOUND OFF

Edited by

by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

### MEN OF DISTINCTION

Dear Sirs:

I don't like to beat my gums but I would like to offer a few constructive criticisms for the welfare of the Marine Corps.

We are gradually pushing ourselves into the Army. I am sure we do not want that to happen, not only for ourselves, but for the welfare of the entire United States. We are a distinctive organization—the cream of the crop, the most efficient fighting organization in the entire world—second to none. But to keep it that way we have got to get away from this Army trend.

Since I have been in the Corps there have been many changes which appear to have been copied from the Army. If we keep this up, the first thing we know, we will be in the Army.

We used to have distinction in our rates, such as platoon sergeant, gunnery sergeant, and so forth. We changed that, copying from the Army. What was the matter with the old system?

Our uniforms have been gradually changed to conform with the uniform design of the Army. It used to be you could pick out a Marine a block away. Now you have to get up close enough to see the emblem to tell if he is a Marine or a Soldier. I agree that the old type green blouse was due for a change but what we got in its place was no improvement! Its design was copied from the Army; practically the only difference is the color. How about a green blouse designed like the Navy chief petty officers' coats? I don't think it

TURN PAGE

### THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

In the Spring a young Marine's fancy turns to girls, khaki--and baseball. The two Pics on this month's cover by Major James A. Donovan Jr. got a laugh out of seeing their platoon sergeant swing out in a typical sand lot game.

# Bed Manners

Men and women "are bed animals," say the authors, and proceed to prove it with the friskiest discussion of nighttime intimacies you have ever read! Full of raucous, devilish wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights. This is called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen just when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this hilarious book of Bediquette for married people today!

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How to be well-bed in 37 sparkling, wise-cracking chapters. Full of esquire illustrations.

Now in one volume: **BED MANNERS and BETTER BED MANNERS** by Dr. Ralph Y. Noplin and Anna Balliol with illustrations by John Groth

Rip off the coupon and mail it now! It's worth ten times the amount as a gag for friend wife or husband—for their secret little failures are all here! 37 hilarious chapters include dissertations on "How to Get Undressed," "A Short History of Bed Manners" (the early French had some peculiar ones!), "Berth Control in the Sleeping Car," and "The Seven Great Problems of Marriage."

Act Quickly and Get This Rare, Witty, Two-Books-in-One Volume by Return Mail!



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386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.  
Rush me my copy of BED MANNERS. It'll delight me or my money back in five days.

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☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay \$1.98 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

C.O.D. in U. S. only. Foreign, send \$1.98 in U. S. Funds or payable in U. S.

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

would hurt to copy them a little bit.

The khaki uniform is okay providing it is properly starched and pressed, and minus the present khaki jacket. This jacket is another Army design and is useless. It is an expense that could easily be done away with and the money saved could be put to better use. We don't need a khaki jacket.

The real sore spot in our uniforms is the present utility uniform. It is a monstrosity. I assume that it was designed to give the Marine more pocket room in combat. I wore the old type dungarees in combat and had no complaint about pocket room. A Marine, wearing the old type dungarees, could look like a Marine. You didn't have to read the USMC on the pocket to see if he were Marine or soldier. The extra cloth used to make our dungarees is a waste of material and of our prestige.

Please, let's keep the present blue uniform as it is. That is practically all we have left that makes us look distinctive.

It actually wouldn't cost much, as far as uniforms go, to transfer us to the Army. The only cost would be for the dye to change our present uniforms to Army colors, but when they do, here is one Marine who won't be dying his. This Marine will throw away his ten years of service and become a civilian.

I am thankful that the first recruiting station I came upon that day in August, 1940, was a Marine Recruiting Station because my knowledge of the service at that time was nil. If I had come upon an Army Recruiting Station first—brrr!

Come on Marines, let's break away from this Army trend and be Marines!

TSgt Kenneth Bossard, USMC  
Danville, Ill.

• No Marines are trying to push the Marine Corps into the Army. Unification is the law and the Marine Corps is trying to make its part work. That does not mean that the Marine Corps intends to lose its identity or purpose in any respect; the Army and the Marine Corps get along quite well—each by doing its own job.

As for copying the Army: The Army has many good ideas and develops fine equipment. We say, if it's good and the Marine Corps can use it, then let's adopt it, regardless of whether it has a USA or a USMC stamped on it. After all, we are both in the same National Defense business.

We agree on the nomenclature of rates. Platoon sergeant and gunnery sergeant seemed quite proper for us.

You can still spot a good Marine a block away by the shine of his shoes, his close haircut, and his erect carriage.

No Marine uniforms are "copies" of Army uniforms. The current Winter service jacket was modeled after the Australian battle jacket. It is meant for general service and not for dress.

The Summer service jacket has no counterpart in the Army enlisted man's uniform. The Marine jacket was adapted from our Winter service model. Current studies are being made to do away with this jacket and replace the khaki Summer uniform with a worsted shirt and trousers as worn by officers.

We agree on the utility suit. It is neither a presentable nor satisfactory uniform. The Quartermaster is stuck with thousands of these outfits left over from the war. However, we may see a real Summer "combat uniform" before too many years.

Don't worry, Sergeant, our Marine greens can't be dyed Army OD color. However, we hear some Army infantry people would like to change their OD color to Forest Green; it's a good camouflage color.—Editor - Publisher.



PHILIPPINES

Dear Sir:

Would you please advise me whether or not the Marines participated in the land offensive of the Philippine Islands.

George M. Brown

Meridian, Miss.

• Four Marine Aircraft Groups of the First Marine Air Wing provided air cover and close support for Army Infantry units during the Philippine Campaign. Major Frank O. Hough, USMCR, in his book, "The Island War" credits Major General Verne D. Mudge, Commanding General of the First Cavalry Division, with the statement: "On our drive to Manila I depended solely on the Marines to protect my left flank from the air against possible Japanese counterattack . . . They will try anything, and from my experience with them I have found that anything they try usually pans out . . . The dive bombers of the First Marine Air Wing have kept the enemy on the run . . . Headquarters Battery and two battalions of the V Amphibious Corps Artillery, the 5th 155-mm. Artillery Battalion (howitzers), and the 11th 155-mm. Battalion (guns), served with two Army 155-mm. battalions as Corps artillery for the XXIV Army Corps on Leyte.—Ed.



#### ENIWETOK VETERANS

**T**HE 1950 reunion of Eniwetok veterans will be held in Chicago on August 16, 17, 18 and 19th. Any Marine who was in on the invasion of Eniwetok or who served on the island 30 days or more is invited to attend the affair. Interested persons can secure more information by contacting Mel O. Bigley, National Eniwetok Veteran Association, Box 132, Ottawa, Ohio.

The Eniwetok Vets are composed of Marine Navy, Army and Coast Guard units who served there during the war.



Sir:

I want to express my great appreciation of your excellent articles, photos and arrangements in the February issue of *Leatherneck*, especially those concerning H. Q. M. C. and Henderson Hall.

Coming from one like myself who served 33 years at HQMC (Quartermaster Department) out of 43 years active duty, 1900-1944, and who has seen the Marine Corps grow in strength from less than 5000 men in 1900 to half a million men in 1944, you can imagine how proud one feels in the accomplishments of the Marines during these years.

In reading of the activities and personnel at HQMC at present and comparing them with the activities and personnel when I first reported for duty as clerk at HQMC which at that time was located in the Mills building at 17th and Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., and occupying only one floor in that building, it lights up the real accomplishments which cannot but make one who had a small share in bringing this about feel real happy.

I am spending the present reading and taking life as easy as I can. I enjoy the *Leatherneck* very much.

Howard M. Peter  
LtCol USMCRet.

Orefield, Pa.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



## Taking a break? For extra enjoyment chew swell-tasting WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Yes, that little stick of Wrigley's Spearmint is a "break-time" favorite among servicemen everywhere. Its lively flavor really satisfies your yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing

freshens your taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

Keep a  
Package  
in Your  
Pocket



AE69



"Perkins, we seem to have different  
conceptions of a beach party"

# BULLETIN BOARD

## Precedence Of Members Of Armed Forces Of United States When In Formations

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the National Security Act of 1947 (61 Stat. 495), as amended, It is hereby ordered, That the members of the Armed Forces of the United States shall take precedence in the following order during formations in which the members thereof may participate:

1. Cadets, United States Military Academy.
2. Midshipmen, United States Naval Academy.
3. Cadets, United States Coast Guard Academy.
4. United States Army.
5. United States Marines.
6. United States Navy.
7. United States Air Force.
8. United States Coast Guard.
9. National Guard of the United States.
10. Organized Reserve Corps of the Army.
11. Marine Corps Reserve.
12. Naval Reserve.
13. Air Force National Guard of the United States.
14. United States Air Force Reserve.
15. Coast Guard Reserve.
16. Other training organizations of the Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force, and Coast Guard, in that order, respectively.

Provided, however, that during any period when the United States Coast Guard shall operate as a part of the United States Navy, the Cadets, U. S. Coast Guard Academy, the United States Coast Guard, and the Coast Guard Reserves, shall take precedence, respectively, next after the Midshipmen, United States Naval Academy, the United States Navy, and the Naval Reserve.

LOUIS JOHNSON

(Signed)

Secretary of Defense.

## SECOND MARINE DIVISION ASSOCIATION FORMED

A GROUP of Marines in Washington, D.C. under the leadership of Lieutenant General Julian C. Smith, USMC, Retd., have recently formed the Second Marine Division Association.

All veterans who served in the Second Division during the war years are invited to join the Association.

Plans are being made to hold an Association reunion sometime in 1950.

Interested veterans are requested to send their name, address, and yearly dues of two dollars to the Secretary-Treasurer, Second Marine Division Association, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington 25, D.C.

## FIFTH MARINE DIVISION SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION SCHEDULED

THE Fifth Marine Division Association has selected Los Angeles, Calif., as the site of its second annual convention scheduled for August 24-26. The announcement was made by Major General William A. Worton, USMC (Retired), Los Angeles City Chief of Police and President of the Association.

Lieutenant Colonel S. Francis Zeiler, USMCR, the Division Quartermaster during wartime, has been appointed convention chairman. He will be assisted by Major John Gorman and First Lieutenant Bob Crosby both members of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Highlighting the assembly's activities will be a visit to Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., where the division was organized and trained prior to embarking for the Pacific. Also on the agenda will be unit reunions, business sessions, a banquet, ball and a visit to Hollywood.

Details concerning reservations and the location of convention headquarters will be announced later.

## MAIL CALL

Condensations of letters received by Leatherneck appear below. The name stated first is that of the person wishing to establish contact with the last named person or persons.

Pfc Thomas E. Tidwell, Box 829, Brownsboro, Tex., to hear from any members of the old Hq. Co. 3rd Bn. Fourth Marines, Tsingtao. Especially to hear from Pfc Roy R. Kirby, Clovis, N. M., and Pfc William R. Beniker, Houston, Tex.

\*\*\*

Pfc Paul A. DiMarzo, S&S Plt. H&S Co. Fourth Marines, Second Prov. Mar. Rgt. Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Sgt. Louis Pacini.

\*\*\*

Barbara Jordan, Box 682, Watertown, Conn., to hear from Pfc Frank L. Jordan. Last address Cherry Point, N. C.

\*\*\*

John Janase, 13220 Woodward, Detroit, 3, Mich. to hear from Holly M. Holmes of Los Angeles, Calif. or other former members of the 1st Defense Battalion.

\*\*\*

Robert L. Smith, 5148, West 8th St., Tulsa, Okla., to hear from Milton L. Bott, formerly with the Motor Transport section, 7th Field Depot, Saipan.

\*\*\*

Pfc Irvin Aniol, Service Detachment, Marine Corps Supply Depot, Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from Pfc Peter Gortich.

\*\*\*

Captain M. J. Cavanaugh, Jr., 15355 Parkside Ave., Detroit 21, Mich., to hear from Sergeant Major William J. Dolly, formerly with the 1st Bn. Twenty-fourth Marines, Fourth Division during World War II.

\*\*\*

John McNeill, 2516 Gage Ave., Huntington Park, Calif., to hear from Captain F. D. Rincer, was formerly attached to the 1st Bn. First Marine Division.

\*\*\*

Eugene L. Mason, 20 Concord Ave., Milton 87, Mass., to hear from William V. Martin. It is believed that Martin lives in Ridley Park, Pa.

TURN PAGE



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WORLD'S FINEST USMC RINGS

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CHOICE OF SYNTHETIC RUBY  
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# MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 14<sup>th</sup>





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Name .....

Address .....

City & Zone .....

State .....

### MAIL CALL (cont.)

Arthur R. Broshears, 6316 Los Angeles Street, Houston, Tex., to hear from or about Don L. Lockery or Gail E. Gates, former members of MAG 31 and MAG 33. Last seen at MCAS, El Toro. Also wish to hear from members of Platoon 148.

\* \* \*

Sgt. David E. Quakenbush, 414 E. 9th St., Davenport, Ia., to hear from Kendall L. Walker, last contact was in Peiping, China, in December, 1946.

\* \* \*

John J. Peterson, Jr., Box 365, Lusk, Wyo., to hear from old buddies who served with him in Batteries B, C or H, Eleventh Marines, First Division.

\* \* \*

Former PltSgt. Lewis Pickens, C Co., 1st Bn., Twenty-eighth Marines, Fifth Marine Division, to hear from anyone who served in his company or who was with him on Iwo Jima.

\* \* \*

MSgt. R. F. Connell, Southern A. & I. Detachment, 449 W. Peachtree St., NE, Atlanta, Ga., to hear from or about MSgt. William Haddock who was last known to be on Kwajalein in 1948.

\* \* \*

Miss Grace Sanzone, 7721 64th Place, Glendale 27, Long Island, N. Y., to hear from anyone who knows the present address of Sgt. Glenn W. Smith. Smith served at the Brooklyn Receiving Station from Jan. to Apr., 1949. His last duty station is believed to have been Cherry Point.

\* \* \*

Daniel T. Connelly, 32-19 84th St., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y., to hear from Sgt. Raymond C. Mathony, formerly with "B" Co., Seventh Marines, First Division, from Peleliu through Okinawa.

\* \* \*

Bob Artmann, 4930 Gresham St., St. Louis 9, Mo., to hear from Bradley D. Eames, last known to have served with Co. B, MCS Tr. Bn., MCS, Quantico, Va., in 1945. Also to hear from friends who were stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, between Dec., 1945, and Jan., 1947. Especially anxious to hear from Sgt. R. A. McKewan and Sgt. J. King.

\* \* \*

Harry Simes and Ken Wilson, 411 East Lancaster Ave., Wayne, Pa., seeking the present whereabouts of PltSgt. "Ski" Podraski, whose last known address was "B" Co., Seventh Marines, or anyone who served in "F" Co., Twenty-ninth Marines and "C" Co., Twenty-ninth Marines.

END



# Sky lines

by SSgt. WILLIAM MORRIS

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Eighteen pilots from Second Wing and Edenton received assignment for jet training at El Toro. They will fly TO-1 Shooting Stars on TAD basis. They are: John J. Conrad, Jack Crosley, John T. Molan, Robert E. Kelley, Floyd G. Phillips, David Cleeland, Robert D. Hayes, John H. Doering, Jr., Carrol B. Burch, Howard C. Weach, John N. Orr, Williams P. Brown, Patrick J. Dayson, Robert W. Shirley, Noarman R. Reichwald, James E. Meehan, Milton C. Hall and Neal E. Heffernan. All trainees are officers.

power system, radio, auxiliary electric, auxiliary power plant, propeller, instruments, and weight and balance. Each mockup is mounted in a compact panel to give a clear picture of the system.

The Fairchild MTUs are currently on location at the Rein-Main Base at Weisbaden, Germany, and the Marine Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C.

First Fairchild Packet has been delivered to a Marine air base. Additional Packets will leave the company's Hagers-



The new lightweight titanium alloy recently developed by the Bureau of Aeronautics will be used for parts of planes such as the Martin XB-48, newest AF jet bomber

A new lightweight titanium alloy has been developed by the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics. The metal is as strong as high strength steel but weighs half as much.

Alloy is five per cent chromium, three per cent aluminum with the remainder titanium. Highly resistant to corrosion and retains its basic properties at high temperatures. New alloy is being used in parts such as turbine blades, tail-pipe shrouds, engine firewalls and in the engine itself.

town, Md., plant to be attached to the Corps' first transport squadron—VMR-252. A program has been set up for crew familiarization. The planes will be used to provide normal air-to-ground support. Its Navy designation is R4Q-1. Top speed is more than 250 miles per hour. It is driven by two 3250 Pratt and Whitney engines. The plane can carry 42 combat troops plus 20, 500-pound parabundles.

Savings of funds from other Navy expenditures makes it possible for another carrier to join the Pacific fleet. It will be the USS *Philippine Sea*. By Spring the Navy will have three carriers operating in the Pacific. In the same order from the Department of Defense, was a recommendation that the USS *Missouri* remain in commission but in a reduced status for training of Midshipmen and members of the Naval Reserve.

Fairchild Mobile Training units are actually colleges on wings. They check out Air Force, Navy and Marine pilots, crew chiefs and maintenance personnel in aircraft systems of the Fairchild Packets.

Units use 13 mockups to familiarize military personnel with the craft. The mockups include internal combustion, heating and de-icing, hydraulic, fuel, oil, landing gear, automatic pilot, DC

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**MARDO SALES CO., Dept. C-3  
480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17**

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]



**RAINCOATS**

Editor:

(1) Would it be possible for Marines to be issued a good raincoat? Sure, PXs carry them for sale, but they vary . . . What's the outlook via the QM Department?

(2) A few years back we all appeared in public in one standard uniform. I know many "special authorizations" are given but we seem to be turning out (especially noted in D. C. last spring) in all types of uniforms . . . Will this be corrected? Never fails that we don't see about one out of five men on liberty wearing the old green blouse. Wish we'd get together.

(3) Will finish off with our old gripe—green overcoat with the blues. When will this horse-blanket vanish?

Sgt. H. James, USMC  
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

• (1) We can't speak officially for the Quartermaster Department, but we think it would be possible to issue a Marine Corps raincoat, and feel that it should have been done long ago. The new plastic-type raincoats could provide a temporary solution until such time as an appropriate design was approved and funds for their manufacture were allotted. Certainly, nine-tenths of the Marines could use a raincoat to more advantage than the current stiff, bulky poncho.

(2) Uniformity in appearance of Marines on liberty: This would appear to be a problem of familiarizing all hands with existing uniform regulations—and having local COs see that they are enforced.

(3) Many Marines desire an overcoat that will look better with blues. Headquarters uniform people are now working on the project. However, the Quartermaster has vast stocks of the old coats and material on hand. We suggest sending them to Europe; they will be more welcome there than they are with the enlisted men of the Marine Corps.—Ed.

## FREE!



Get your license to Sound Off! Beat your gums with the best of them! See page 56 this issue.

## DROOPY DUNGAREES

Dear Editor:

Do my eyes deceive me or is the Marine in your December article, "Uniforms and Equipment" wearing his dungarees bagged down over his leggings? If he didn't have a USMC on his jacket pocket I'd swear he was a doggie. Why not hang a dozen shoulder patches on him plus a shiny whistle and make a first class doggie out of him?

Some of the old time Gunnies I served under would hit the overhead if they saw some of these postwar Marines. What's happened to the Corps? I hope they have at least kept the old spirit alive while they copy doggie clothes and habits.

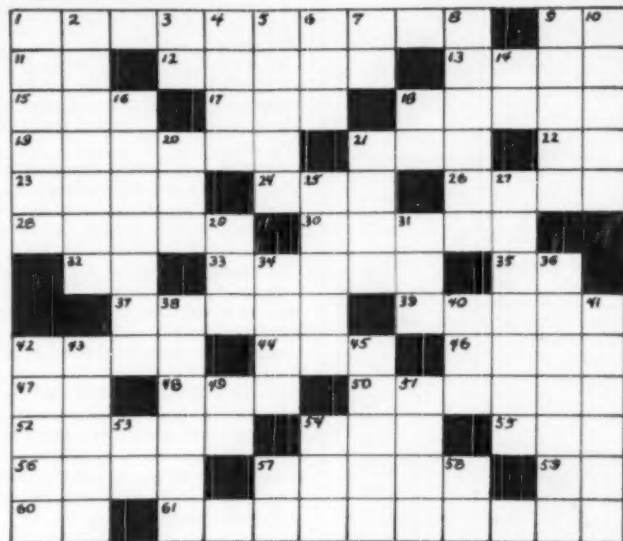
Carl E. Dearborn  
Ex-Fourth Division

Whittier, Calif.

• Yes, the leggings are worn with the trousers bloused over according to regulations that have been in effect for some time. According to Chapter 49 of the new Marine Corps Manual 1949: "When leggings are worn, the trousers shall be tucked into the top of the leggings so that they bag freely and evenly over the top of the leggings and permit full freedom of movement." The practice of wearing trousers tucked in loosely, or not at all, was current among Marines serving in World War II. The Marine Corps has not adopted "doggie clothes and habits" as reader Dearborn suggests. The new regs quoted above are the result of wartime experience of Marines in the field. Wearing leggings the new way is simply more practical than the old way. The fact that doggies wear their trousers and leggings the same way is incidental. As for the old Gunnies, we feel certain that they would recognize the good sense behind the new style. We would like to go one step further and see the Corps do away with the archaic leggings and get a paraMarine-type boot. And don't worry about the Corps! We can keep our spirit alive without bucking every good idea in clothing and equipment developed by another service.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

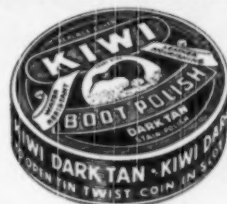
DOWN

1. Take apart for cleaning
9. State noted for boot production (abbr.)
11. Forward
12. Natives (slang)
13. Sound made by top sergeant
15. Expend
17. Professional
18. Marine gadget
19. Eightball's head sawed into suitable lengths
21. Great uncle
22. Shucks
23. Napoleon's last stand
24. Hill-billy affirmative
26. Work for pay
28. Retreads the socks
30. Polynesian (N.Z.)
32. Sun God
33. Hot to go; eager
35. Red Cross (Abbr.)
37. A job for Sam Spade (criminal slang)
39. More mature
42. Shoal
44. Burned part
46. Heart
47. Suffix: pertaining to
48. Chief characteristic of Staff NCOs
50. Sounds the alarm
52. High tide
54. Woman's secret
55. Group of tribes in Burma and Siam
56. Den
57. Female (slang)
59. Identification card
60. Finished chow (dialect)
61. State of order and obedience resulting from training.

1. "Up" condition prevalent in the Marine Corps.
2. Concerning islands
3. Life guard (abbr.)
4. Scoop
5. Cry of welcome heard at Parris Island
6. Out on one's feet
7. Recruiting Service (abbr.)
8. Device for igniting an explosive charge
9. Stand! He served on—
10. Potentate's cover
14. Abbreviated amount of brains required to get by
16. Big squeeze
18. Peachy state (abbr.)
20. Restrict
21. Mast
25. Arabian Generals
27. Drome
29. Easy mark
31. Poetic over
34. Outstanding performance
36. This is a cinch for sure
38. Buy without going broke
40. Hard water
41. Live at
42. Piece
43. Brilliance of success
45. Tinian beachhead
49. Administration (abbr.)
51. Bail out
53. Diphthong
54. Hunk of a circle
57. Bags (Abbr.)
58. Deciliter (Abbr.)

(Solution on page 58)

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# The Old Corps

by TSgt. Ray Lewis

## 25 YEARS AGO

Gene Tunney, former Marine, had turned to the heavyweight class, and stated his desire for a "go" at Tom Gibbons, under any weight conditions.



Gene Tunney, U.S. Marine Corps

The McLeomore Detachment of the Marine Corps League at Houston, Tex., received a charter.

The Marine Corps drew up an Athletic Policy for the "betterment and standardization of service athletics." Records on events and players were to be kept at Headquarters, Marine Corps, and awards were to be made for proficiency.

A 1500-man Marine Corps Expeditionary Force was attached to the U.S. Fleet during joint Army and Navy exercises scheduled to take place in Hawaiian waters in April and May, 1925.

"Doc" Clifford, Honorary Chaplain of the Marine Corps, arrived on the HENDERSON for a month's visit in Haiti.

## 15 YEARS AGO

Admiral Richard E. Byrd radioed the Commandant of the Marine Corps from the Antarctic recommending that Corporal Alphonse Carbone be promoted from corporal to sergeant. Carbone was doing the cooking for the 56 men with the expedition and also acted as commissary officer.



Admiral Richard E. Byrd

## 10 YEARS AGO

The artillerymen of the 22nd Battalion, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, were training with the Tenth Marines at San Diego. The 22nd was commanded by Major W. S. Van Dyke II, film director and Southern California political leader.

Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, returned from combat exercises at Camp Elliott leaving one-third of the command which was later transferred to the 3rd battalion, Sixth Marines.

Competition for the Leatherneck Small-Bore Trophy was expected to be keen for the 1941 firing season. The trophy was in the possession of the Marine Detachment, New London, Conn.

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 8]

### HYLAND'S FLING

Dear Sirs:

In a recent letter to "Sound Off" I noted where a reader referred to the Bagpipe Band of the Londonderry Northern Ireland Marines during the war.

Perhaps I can add a few comments and clear up some of the confusion. As I now recall, the Marine Corps Bagpipe Band in Northern Ireland was formed in approximately March or April of 1943 under the direction of Field Music Sergeant Hyland, USMC. I recall the date as it was just at the time I was transferred from London, England, to Londonderry, and took over as first sergeant of Company "C".

In the letter to "Sound Off" there was the erroneous statement that the men wanted to wear kilts. On the contrary, the men did not want to wear them and the mere fact that it had been suggested nearly destroyed the then embryonic band.



In closing let me repeat the story that circulated the base at the time, concerning the formation of the band. I cannot vouch for the correctness of it but I can assure you it was the most popular version. It seemed that Captain Kirkwood, the Naval Base Commandant, was having dinner with the Chief of the Royal Ulster Constabulary and in the course of the meal began to brag about the Marine Detachment and the fact that they could do anything. The Chief of the Constabulary retorted that they could not play the pipes and this was the beginning of the bagpipe band of the Marines in Northern Ireland.

Yours for what use you may make of it,

William J. Neill  
MSGT—USMC

Cleveland, Ohio

• Thanks for your comments, Sergeant. And thanks, also, for reminding us of something we had almost forgotten; that a Marine can do anything.—Ed.



## SANDS OF IWO

Sirs:

I recently saw "Sands of Iwo Jima" here in New York and enjoyed it very much. However, since I saw the picture, a technical point has bothered me that I thought you could clear up.

Was it possible that the same squad could be in at the landing at Tarawa as part of the Second Marine Division and then at the landing on Iwo Jima as part of what must have been the Fifth Marine Division. As I understand the history of the past war, this would have been well nigh impossible. The only outfit that I know of that was formed from the Second Division was a battalion of the Twenty-ninth Marines.

I'd certainly appreciate it if you could straighten this out for me.

Henry I. Shaw

Brooklyn, N. Y.

● Part of the original sequence was cut from the final film, we understand. In it, Sgt. Stryker's squad, veterans of the Second Division landing at Tarawa, are caught in the LST fires at Pearl Harbor during the mounting out for Saipan. They are subsequently transferred to the Fifth Mar Div in time for Iwo. Actually, quite a few Tarawa vets were sent back to Camp Pendleton as cadres for the new Fifth Marine Division and hit Iwo as part of that outfit. "Sands of Iwo Jima" falls into the realm of possibility, right enough, but its "real life" is not to be confused with real life.—Ed.



## SHOULDER PATCHES

Sir:

I have been in the Corps for almost a year now, and I have just found out that the members of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing used to wear shoulder patches. I was wondering why we don't wear them now.

I have one but don't know if it is regulation to wear it or not. Personally, I think it a very good idea, so we can tell all the different squadron members apart.

Could you tell me why we don't wear them and when we stopped wearing them? My buddy thinks we can wear them. I think it is against regulations. Who is right?

If I am right, kindly tell me why this was stopped and if there is any chance of them coming back into effect.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

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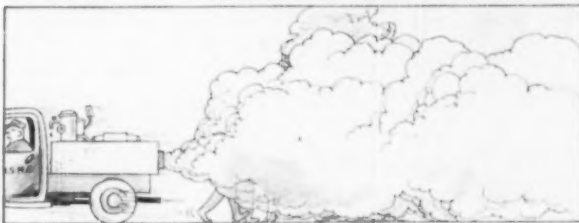
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OFFICIAL USMC PHOTOS

# AIRLIFT 1950-A



The First Division used a giant Navy Caroline Mars in the Corps' first amphibious-airborne assault



When landing craft are outmoded  
assault parties may hit the beach from seaplanes

by TSgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ON THE morning of February 15th when 16 rubber boats, carrying 152 combat equipped Marines, rode through the heavy surf to an abrupt halt on San Nicolas Island's volcanic shoreline another chapter in amphibious warfare was being written. The landing of these troops was the air-amphibious assault phase of the First Marine Division's largest airlift to date and all future operations of this type may depend on its successful completion.

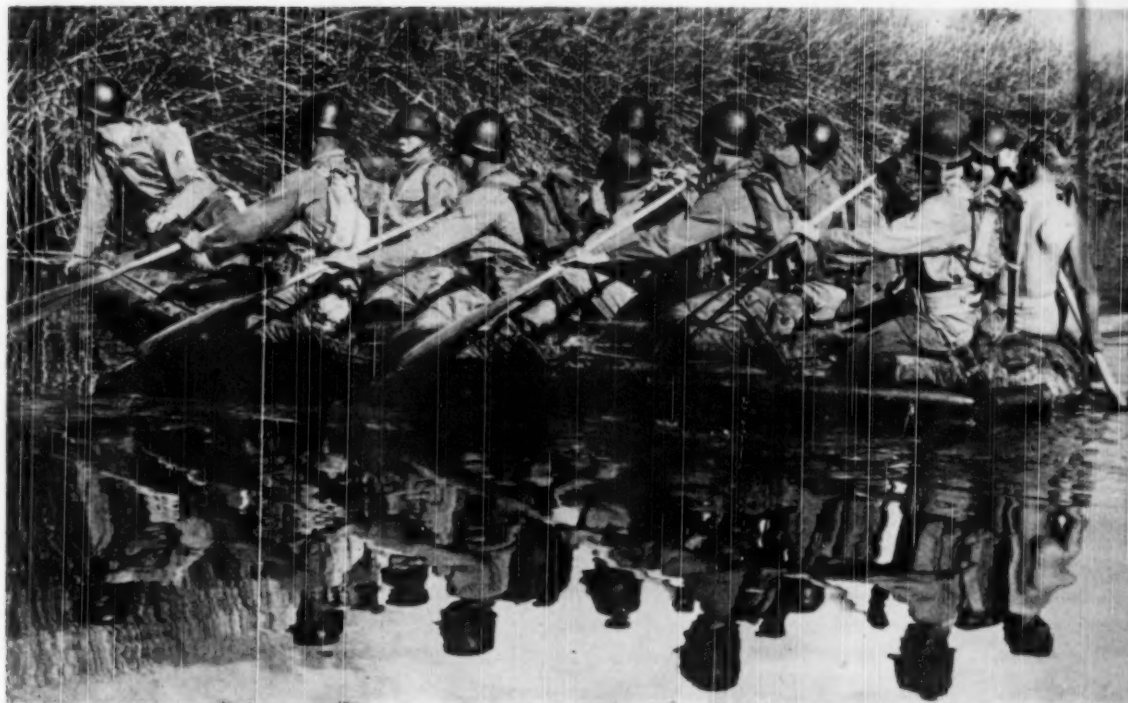
The troops were brought to the island by seaplanes and put ashore in rubber boats as part of the division's mid-February exercises, Airlift 1950-A. The exercises were staged to explore in detail the practical application of air transport by seaplane to the Fleet Marine Force problem. The mission of these especially trained troops was to reinforce troops already on the island and complete the capture of the enemy-held airstrip to make possible further reinforcement by air. Although rubber boats had often been used to land re-

connaissance and harrassing patrols from submarines, this was the first time in military history that amphibious troops had been flown to the combat area in seaplanes.

Airlift 1950-A was the largest airlift ever conducted by the Navy and Marine Corps in the Pacific area and this was the first time that both land and seaplanes were used. Participating in the exercises were elements of the First Marine Division, First Marine Air Wing, and Navy Patrol Squadron 46. Colonel Victor H. Krulak, Commanding Officer of the Fifth Marines, was land force commander, and Colonel D. C. Roberts, Commanding Officer of Marine Air Group 25, served as the overall commander for air operations.

High ranking officers of the Air Force, Army and Navy witnessed the exercise. The effectiveness of the balanced air-ground Fleet Marine Force was displayed by its speed, flexibility and power which proved that the Corps is in a state of readiness to be called on for short notice tasks. For the Marines'

TURN PAGE



Prior to the airlift, assault troops of Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, practice landing in rubber boats near

the U.S. Naval Hospital, Camp Pendleton. The 12-man craft is the largest of its type used by landing teams in actual combat



A member of Company "E" packs light machine guns aboard one of the Airlift R5D transports of El Toro's MAG 25



A unit of the Fifth Marines learn nomenclature of the 12-man rubber boats prior to a dummy run in San Diego Bay. They also trained in art of inflating the crafts

assignment, Airlift 1950-A proved that the airplane is another effective means of setting up trouble shooting troops in a critical area.

Weeks of training of all units involved was necessary to insure the success of Airlift 1950 A. The amphibious troops trained from seaplane mock-up on Lake O'Neill, near Santa Margarita Hospital, and at the Naval Air Station, San Diego. Other troops and the air units trained at the Camp Pendleton airstrip in embarkation procedures and in combat loading of the equipment in the giant R5Ds. The Aggressor force of specially picked Pacific veterans was flown to the island the day prior to the attack and their display of infiltration and surprise tactics added realism to the exercises.

It was assumed for the purpose of the problem that on February 2, an Aggressor nation had launched a surprise attack on the Pacific Northwest and had occupied the Aleutian chain where they were constructing guided missile sites and advance submarine and air bases. The Aggressor had also



launched atomic attacks against the key aircraft manufacturing centers on the Pacific coast and their air attacks against lines of communications had extended to the eastern area of the country.

The Aggressor force was known to possess not less than 100 troop carrying submarines and some 500 long range troop carrying aircraft. Accordingly, it was concluded that the Aggressor was capable of launching sudden landing attacks against the western mainland or outlying areas, or of strongly reinforcing his forces in the Aleutian area.

With this toe hold already established on the American continent the majority of the naval, air and ground forces concentrated in the Puget Sound area to oppose the invaders. The First Marine Division remained in the San Diego area and the commanding general directed that the Fifth Marines immediately initiate intensified training for air-transported and helicopter-borne landing operations and attain a condition of readiness for such operations within one month. Of this regiment, one battalion trained for helicopters, one reinforced company for seaplane operations, and the remainder for land plane operations.

On the morning of February 12th, the Aggressor force in the strength of one reinforced company with attached



First Division men and equipment participating in 1950-A were transported by air. These aggressors were all hand-picked veterans skilled in the art of infiltration

engineer and construction units launched a surprise attack against San Nicolas Island and quickly overran the island garrison. The enemy forces immediately commenced construction and installa-

tion of rocket launching sites within range of Los Angeles and other Southern California industrial areas. Late the same day the commanding general, First Marine Division, received orders

**TURN PAGE**



Aircraft loading must be a careful procedure. Operational items such as this trailer had to be manhandled into place.

Weight and balance experts of MAG 25 have spotted exact position for equipment. This prevents cargo shifting in flight

## AIRLIFT 1950-A (cont.)



Assault troops begin enveloping movement from beach positions on San Nicolas Island. Their carefully camouflaged rubber boats are barely visible on the beach



## San Nicolas Island was the setting for a new style of land grab operation

from Headquarters, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, ordering immediate preparations for an attack against San Nicolas Island. All units undergoing air transported amphibious training were alerted and the division staff began immediate preparations for the airlift.

Action on the first day of the Marines' attack was hypothetical. The 1st Battalion, Fifth Marines, established a beachhead on the island after a surprise helicopter landing which met with little resistance. By daybreak of the following day the Aggressor defenses were strengthened and strong resistance was met in the approaches to the airstrip. Later in the day the commander of the 1st Battalion radioed the mainland that they were having trouble subduing the enemy and asked for

reinforcements to effect the capture of the airstrip.

With the airstrip still in enemy possession, the commanding general ordered a seaplane amphibious attack launched immediately in an effort to secure the airstrip for continued operations. From this point on the action at Camp Pendleton became real with "E" Co., 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, preparing for the amphibious assault. The company sped south along Highway 101 by motor convoy to the Naval Air Station, San Diego, where they boarded the giant Carolina Mars and three PBMs. The Mars, with 92 fully equipped combat troops, and the three PBMs, with 20 men each, were airborne at daybreak and were putting the troops ashore in rubber boats on the "friendly" side of the island an hour later. After making contact with the hypothetical 1st Battalion they pushed the Aggressor back from the airstrip and finding the field in good condition radioed the situation to the land force commander at Camp Pendleton. Meanwhile 28 RSDs of Marine Air Group 25 were standing by at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, for word to start the airlift of the main troops. In 75 minutes after receiving the signal the planes flew to the Camp Pendleton airstrip, loaded nearly 700 troops of the 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, and their reinforcing elements, and were airborne for San Nicolas Island. These troops were put on the island, ready for combat, an hour after the



The advance of assault troops toward their airfield objective is noted at this makeshift company command post



Shortly after camouflaged Aggressor troops took this prisoner assault troops broke through their final protective fire lines



Sandstone formations around San Nicolas Island provided a realistic battleground for advancing Fifth Marine troops



all clear signal had been radioed by "E" Co. from the island's airstrip.

With the arrival of fresh combat troops the assault units pushed forward into the island interior while the land planes returned to the mainland to



The first shore party arrived in rubber boats to kick-off the operation. Later, the supporting planes airlifted additional troops, field pieces and other weapons of war

bring in support troops and supplies. Waves of planes brought additional troops and supporting weapons and by mid afternoon they had delivered 75-mm. howitzers, recoilless rifles, quarter ton trucks, a portable water purification unit, and food. Later in the day special flights made parachute cargo drops of ammunition and water to the advancing units on the northern end of the island.

All through the two-day operation the Aggressor force harassed the Marines with their infiltration and surprise tactics. A squadron of Marine Corsairs provided fighter cover and made dive bombing and strafing attacks in close support of the Fifth Marines' front line. In the morning of the following day, forward assault units broke through the Aggressor's final protective lines and by noon the umpires declared the island officially secure.

Training for this type of operation is being continued in regular mockups at Camp Pendleton for another problem this year planned by General Graves B. Erskine, Commanding General of the First Marine Division. It has been said that the amphibious landings as practiced by the Marines during World War II will be outmoded in any future war. If this is true, and Airlift 1950-A is any indication, Marines are going to be just as much at home in a flying boat as they are in a salt-sprayed landing craft. **END**

by Marc Williams

**The bootlegger's brother  
was entitled to a military funeral—  
but sound effects were left out by special request**

I'M sitting in a joint known as La Cucaracha in Mexico City, having my fifth double "tequilla con lemon," when a big guy wanders in and occupies the next stool. He's well in his 40s, with an outdoor complexion and ramrod bearing that betokens a military background.

I break the ground by asking him if he had been in Mexico long. He says no, he just got in town yesterday. Well, one thing leads to another, and it turns out he is a retired sergeant major of Marines.

It happens that on this day there had been a big military funeral in Mexico City, with several bands, all the big shots, and the rest of the fol-de-rol that usually accompanies these gloomy events. Our talk veers around to the subject of funerals, and the sergeant-major tells me this tale:

"During 1929 and 1930 I am stationed at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C." He sipped his drink and continued, "we catch three and four military funerals every week. The Marines are always being called out to render the military honors when someone is making that last trip to Arlington. I am a corporal in those days making \$42 a month.

"In the early part of '31, I am transferred to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to finish the rest of my first hitch. Brooklyn is good duty in those days. There's lots of speakeasies all around the Navy Yard—up and down Sand Street up to the Clark Street Subway station, and a guy can get a big pitcher of beer for 25 cents.

"It's between paydays, and I'm sitting on the edge of my bunk shining my shoes wishing I had the price of a pitcher of beer. A runner comes over and tells me the Post sergeant major wants to see me on the double.

"I report to the sergeant major, and he says, 'Corporal, I see by your service record book that you've been stationed in Washington for the past two years.'

"'Yes sir,' I replies, standing stiffly at attention.

"'Stand at ease, Son, and listen: If you've done duty in D.C. you know

all about military funerals. Right?'

"'Yes sir,' I says.

"'Good!' He says in a relieved manner, 'I want you to draw a cheese knife from the Quartermaster, and also 21 rounds of blank 30-30 ammunition. I'll have your orders ready this afternoon. You're to take a squad of men and a music and shove off promptly at four bells for a military funeral.'

"'Aye, aye, Sir,' I says.

"'As I about-faced to shove off, the sergeant-major says, 'By the way, this lad who passed away had an excellent record in the Corps. His brother requested this military funeral. Do you know who his brother is?'

"'No Sir, I don't.'

"'He's the biggest bootlegger in Brooklyn!'

"The next morning I drill my squad until they are letter perfect. I have them assimilate firing the three volleys until their trigger fingers are sore.

"At four bells, two big Pierce Arrow limousines take us aboard and we shove off for the church. We stand at attention and present arms as the body is loaded on the caisson. Then off to the cemetery.

"I give the command to present arms as the body is being carried to its last resting place. As the preacher is reading the services, I look around. Over near the grave were the kid's close rela-



**Ready  
Aim**





Just as I am saying, "Ready . . . Aim . . ." the brother of the deceased says: "Hey! Don't fire those guns!"

tives. The rest of the party, maybe 100 people, were just the kind that make their living around speakeasies of those days.

"Peroxided and rouged dames. Guys with slick, greasy hair and sallow complexions. Some of the guys have bulging arm-pits, and some have bulging hips . . . and Brother they're not packed wallets, either!

"After the services, I give the preparatory command to fire the three volleys.

"Ready . . . aim . . ."

"Suddenly the brother of the deceased comes over to my side. 'Hey Corporal—don't fire those guns!'

"For a second I am stopped. After all, what's a military funeral without the three volleys?

"I give the commands, 'Order arms! Present arms!'

"The music sounds taps. I face the men and marched them over to the limousines.

"The brother of the deceased approaches me. 'That was mighty nice of you, Corporal, in not firing those guns

around here. You see, all the guys here are heeled, and that shooting might have started something. A lot of these Punks are trigger-queer. Here . . . get you and the boys a cigar.' He shoves something into my fist.

"We drive away, I open up my fist. What do you think I find? NINE one hundred dollar bills. SOME cigar! SOME funeral!"

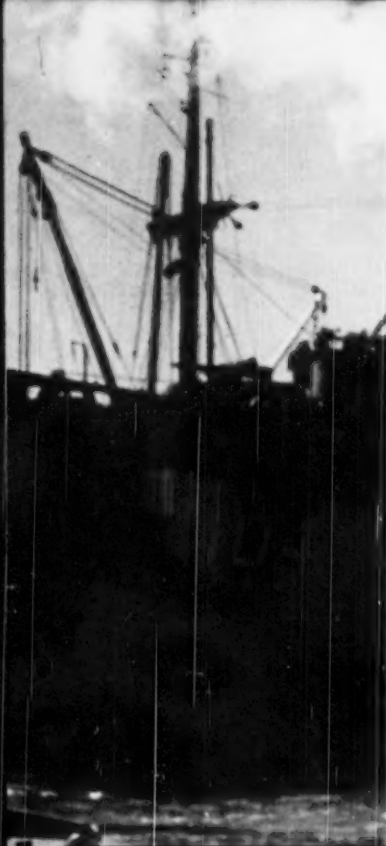
The old sergeant major was temporarily overcome with nostalgia.

"Two double tequillas con lemon, bartender!" I order, taking up the slack.

## POSTS OF THE CORPS



Sunset and tranquility at the Naval Station docks—a far cry from the hell-for-leather activity during the war



The word got around that this was a place  
to avoid—but things have changed since the  
Navy's early years in the San Diego area

by TSgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by SSgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

**A**SK any multi-hashmarked Navy man about the Naval Station at San Diego and he will probably tell you that he remembers little of the station in its early years although he can vividly remember a square brown building and a group of regulation Marines. To the men of the fleet the word had been passed around that this was a place to avoid.

Things have changed since the Navy's early years in the San Diego area. The brig is a new and larger structure and the treatment isn't as rough, but the Marines are still there. They have been there all the time; not only at the brig but in every corner of the station quietly carrying on endless security.

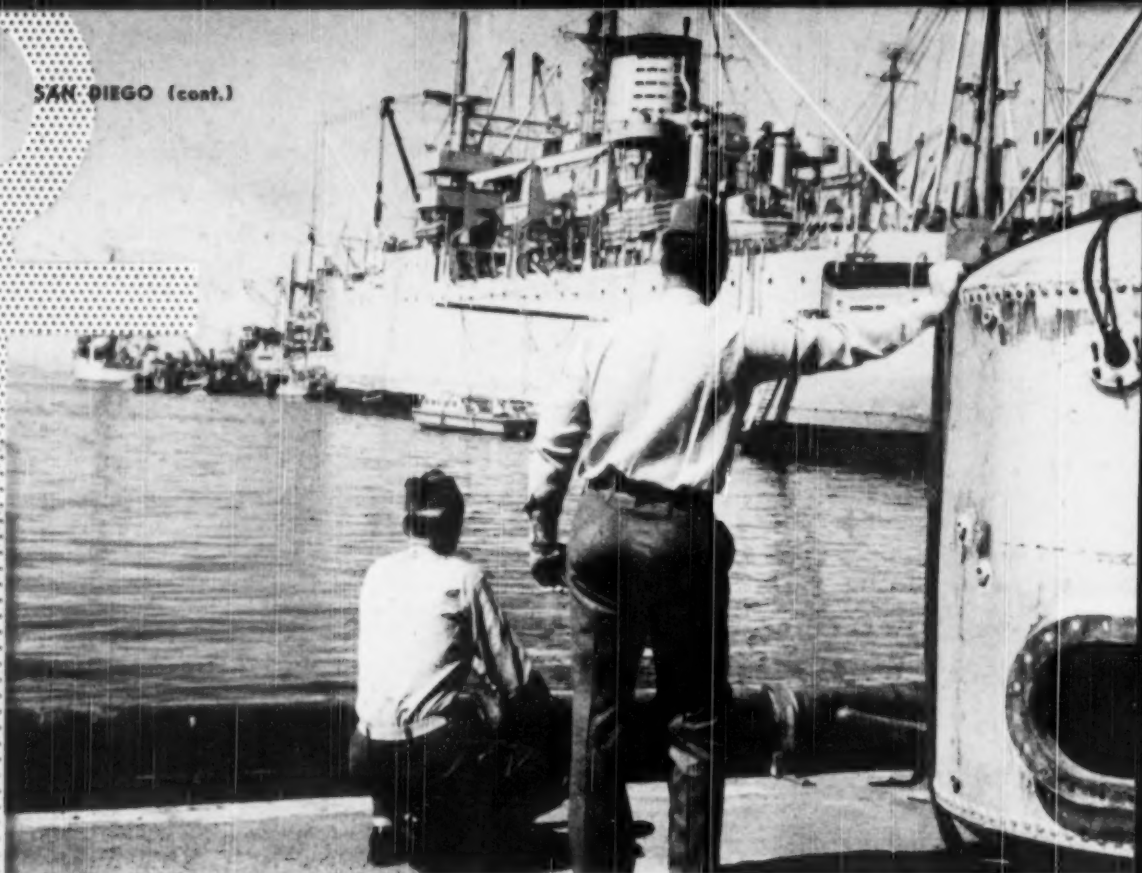
TURN PAGE

# NAVAL STATION SAN DIEGO



The area offers "liberty that won't quit!"

SAN DIEGO (cont.)

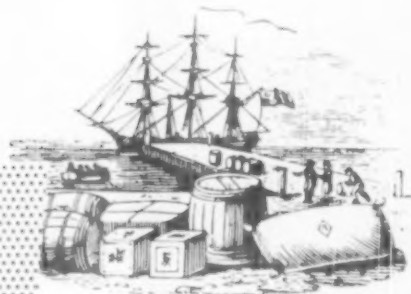


Large and small craft were cared for at the Naval Station during World War II. The 262 water acres were jammed

with ships then, but now emphasis is on repairing small ships. Only limited emergency service is given the larger vessels



It was the PX—now it's a coffee room. Corp. F. Krezan, Sgt. Giacomelli and TSgt. G. Capvano have a cup of joe





Postwar reductions in personnel and duties have eliminated all the Marine security posts but the two gates. Chief petty officers patrol the mothball fleet area which is restricted to all but a few of the naval personnel. The brig, which is still an important function, uses a high percentage of the daily guard.

Naval personnel was first introduced to the warm southern California climate during the successful campaign against the Mexicans in the Summer of 1846. However, it was nearly three quarters of a century after the first raising of the Stars and Stripes over Old Town, a part of the city of San Diego, that the Navy established a base in the area. The completion of the Panama Canal and the plans of a two-ocean navy made far-sighted Navy men look southward from their large Mare Island base in San Francisco Bay to the warmer port—San Diego.

In 1919 the city of San Diego deeded to the Navy 98 acres of waterfront land on the city's southern boundary. By 1921 buildings and machinery had been added and the USS *Prairie* was ordered there to help decommission World War I destroyers. In February of the following year the Secretary of the Navy officially declared that the new base would be known as the Destroyer Base.

With the opening of the base the Ma-

rines came as security and the size of their detachment grew with the ever growing naval facilities. Later the USS *Buffalo* and USS *Rigel* were brought there as station ships and in 1929 the first floating drydock, ARD-1 with a capacity of 500 tons, was added. Many additional buildings and facilities were constructed to accommodate more and larger ships of the fleet and in April, 1931, the Destroyer Base came under the jurisdiction of the Pacific Fleet.

During the late '30s with the aid of the WPA the yard began to expand to its present size. In 1943, when its official designation was changed to the U. S. Naval Repair Base, it covered a total of 659 land and 262 water acres and its facilities were increased to include training, recreation, and docking of large ships.

World War II and the busy Pacific Fleet swelled the base to a total permanent personnel of 28,000 officers and men. Beside its Administrative and Industrial Commands the base was the Naval Landing Force Equipment Depot which supplied and repaired many of the landing craft used in the Pacific invasions. During this period the School and Training Command instructed and sent to the fleet 40,000 highly skilled technical personnel.

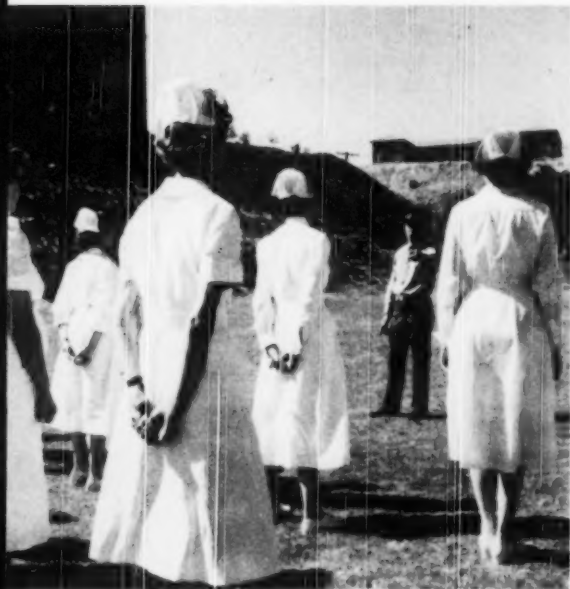
Today the base, commanded by Captain W. D. McHugh, USN, is a shadow of its wartime strength. On September



15, 1946, the base was redesignated to the U. S. Naval Station, and consequently the postwar planning brought the Marines and Navy to a more unified setup. Its mission now is to provide for repairs and maintenance of small craft and limited emergency repairs to the active fleet. The base also provides logistic support and common services to such activities using the facilities of the station. The activities and personnel at the present time include the San Diego group of the Pacific Reserve Fleet with over 400 Reserve vessels and 2200 officers and men; Fleet Training Center with a personnel of 70; Fleet Gunnery and Torpedo School with 22; Receiving Station with over 400 personnel; and a total of 1600 civilian employees.

The Marine Corps, in further economy moves, has in the past few months made many changes with the detachments and posts in the San Diego area. The Marine Barracks, Naval Station, has incorporated into its command the Naval Fuel Annex at Point Loma and the Naval Air Station at North Island. It has disbanded its detachment at the

TURN PAGE



Until recently, close order drill was taught to nurses at the San Diego Naval Hospital by Marines from the Station

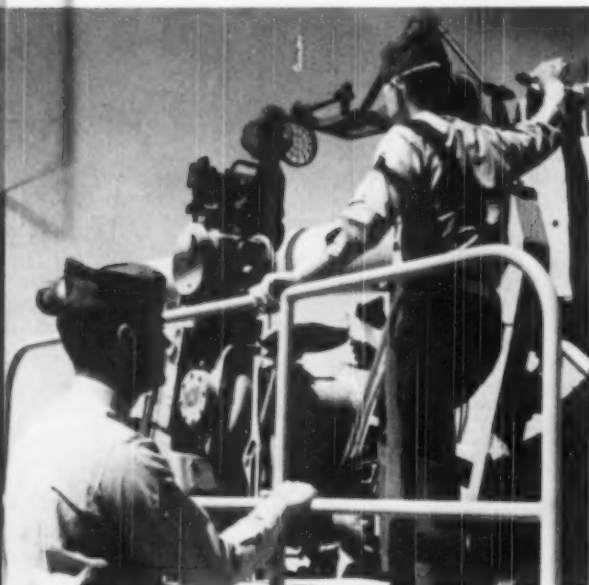


Two thirds of the Naval Station Marines are on guard at one time. The remainder fall out for weekly Friday inspection

SAN DIEGO (cont.)



The Marine Quartermaster Storeroom doesn't bulge at the seams as it did in World War II. Pfc John E. Massey (right) issues 7B2 gear to Pfc Robert Diaz



Instructors at Naval Station's Fleet Gunnery and Torpedo School train fledgling sailors who are bound for sea duty



B. S. Stevens stayed on his old job when he retired from the Corps. He chats at the Naval Hospital with MSgt. McGuire

U. S. Naval Hospital at Balboa Park.

The Marine Barracks is commanded by Colonel F. M. Wulbern who assumed that command on December 1, 1949. Prior to that time Major Ashby J. Fristoe (now executive officer) was the commanding officer. Before assuming his present duties at the barracks Col. Wulbern served on the staff of the Commandant of the 11th Naval District as Director of Discipline and District Marine Officer. Presently, in addition to his duties as commanding officer, he is District Marine officer and the Security Officer of the 11th Naval District.

The colonel, with 29 years of Marine Corps experience, served with the Army in France during the first World War. Receiving his discharge after the termination of hostilities he attended the Citadel at Charleston, S. C., until he graduated in 1921. Upon graduation he accepted the commission of second lieutenant in the Marine Corps and has served aboard ships and at foreign and domestic stations continuously since that date. He saw action in the Central American campaigns and in both theatres of operation during the recent conflict.

Master Sergeant William W. Holt, the post sergeant major, is kept busy with the problems of administration and the two detachments which come under the control of the Marine Bar-

racks. There are 190 enlisted Marines at the Naval Station and the consolidation of the Naval Air Station, North Island, on November 1, added another 67 men. The latter group is under the supervision of First Lieutenant J. J. C. Beau. Master Sergeant Philip McGuire, former head of the now disbanded Naval Hospital detachment, is the non commissioned officer in charge of the Point Loma detachment.

Day-on-day-off guard duty at the Naval Station uses half of the men in the command each day but the detachments at North Island and Point Loma have more free time. Men are rotated at six months' intervals and many of the Marines look forward to their assignment to these small detachments which they consider choice duty. Only four men are detailed to the Naval Hospital as chasers for the convalescing prisoners. Probably everyone is happy about the new administrative setup except Sgt. McGuire who used to have an envied job of drilling the nurses twice weekly at the hospital.

The brig is smoothly and efficiently directed by Warrant Officer George Shane, an ex-drill instructor from the recruit depot. The warden, a former prisoner of war, has one of the biggest jobs on the base. The number of prisoners occasionally reaches the total of 175 men from the fleet and nearby stations. The men and prisoners alike

**TURN PAGE**

Good beaches are within easy reach for Marines of the Naval Station at San Diego. If swimming doesn't intrigue, there's L.A., Tijuana, or La Jolla



CO of the Marine Barracks is Colonel F. M. Wulbern, ex-Army man. He's a veteran of WWI and both theatres of WWII



Brig duty is no joke. Corp. R. G. Samida checks and secures some of the weapons in a gunlocker at the Station Brig

# SAN DIEGO (cont.)



Gate 8. Pfc Charles Mehl checks out S-1/c Robert Stover, homeward bound



W. W. Holt, former L.A. recruiter, is sergeant major of the Marine Barracks



The old Spanish mission—now a museum—in Old Town, San Diego. Below is the Plaza where Marines raised the first flag when California was annexed

have a high regard for the warden because of his fairness and sincerity.

Although the Marine and Navy recreation committees have been combined under the new arrangement the men are happy and well satisfied with the fare of recreation which is provided for them. The Marine post exchange has been discontinued under unification but First Lieutenant Cheston L. Raichart, special services officer, has always been well represented at the committee meet-

ings to request appropriations for recreation. A large and well stocked recreation room at the barracks is always in use and fishing and boating parties are often arranged. Movies and weekly dances are provided on the base.

Since the recreation committee provides for only one athletic representation, Marines and Sailors play basketball, tennis, baseball and other athletic contests under the Navy colors. One of the highlights of the station athletic events is the annual golf tournament between officers and enlisted men.

The men like the mild climate of southern California and enjoy the liberty and recreation offered by San Diego and surrounding areas. Most of the men prefer to stay in San Diego with its good beaches and sightseeing possibilities. A few of the men head south of the border on week ends and enjoy the bright lights of Tijuana, Mexico, while others make the two hour trip to Los Angeles. Whatever their plans and liberty spots, they all agree that the liberty is hard to beat.

The majority of the men at the

Naval Station are those who came to their present duty from the nearby recruit depot when they finished their training. There are also a few one-year enlistees on the post. Regardless of their short length of service the morale is high. The cleanliness of the barracks and the men's attention to their own neatness is outstanding. Few Marines ever leave the barracks without first checking their appearance in a full length mirror which they pass on the way out. A large percent of the men start their Marine Corps career at the nearby recruit depot and receive their discharge in the same city without leaving it for duty!

The Marine Barracks stands today just inside Gate No. 6 at the Naval Station, a short distance from the intersection where 32nd street enters 101 Highway. Thousands of motorists and hundreds of Sailors pass within sight of the barracks and its adjacent building, the new brig, without knowing what it is. This unobtrusive brig must, indeed, be a far cry from that ancient brown structure which has remained so long in the memories of the old fleet men. **END**





# Leatherneck Laffs



"All right so you're a Seagoing Sack of Salt.  
Now please go away."



FRED  
RHODAS

"John, I wish you wouldn't punish yourself looking at those  
old photos of your commanding officer."



"Ye-Gads! I just remembered where I hid  
that extra fifty bucks!"



"Let's follow that bunch . . . if they're riding  
in a car we'll make a good haul!"

Rubert

Frank Kollar, with a season average of 185 this year, is the anchor man on the Virginia squad. Note the easy delivery



**A**LMOST 100 years of bowling experience combined this year to give the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Va., another championship title and the Marine Corps a top-flight representative in All-Navy competition.

The Marine Corps Schools' bowling team, its five members having a total of 97 years of pin-spilling experience, swept through the Potomac River Naval Command League to garner the PRNC title and another trophy for the already heavily laden shelves of the Marine Corps Schools Museum. In taking PRNC laurels, the Quantico keglers racked up a total of 60 wins against only six defeats. During the entire season they never lost more than one game to any opponent in a three-game match.

In addition, the Marine squad journeyed to Charleston, S. C., to take part in that city's March of Dimes Tournament. They walked away with the trophy awarded to the best service team in the meet and came within 80 odd pins of bringing home the cup for the best team entered.

More than 16 million people bowl annually in this country and most of them visit the alleys several times each week. Over 300,000 teams are entered in league play sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress, the final authority for the sport in the United States.

Although most bowlers are members of teams that are entered in regular league play, the sport is really a game for the individual. There is no team play involved; no double play combinations to pull out of a bad inning, nor any hard-hitting, fast-charging lines to make a backfield star a hero. When a bowler is on the "firing line" he is strictly on his own and teammates can do little to aid him except for a bit of

**The alley timber takes a round pounding when Quantico's five aces join forces for a league competition**

by SSgt. Paul C. Curtis  
USMC



encouragement or occasional advice.

What makes a good bowler? Anyone familiar with the game can give you the answer in one word . . . **PRAC-TICE!** Consistent bowling and high season averages come only with constant practice. You'll find your better-than-average bowlers down at the alleys spilling the hardwood three or four times each week.

Master Sergeant Humphery R. Steele, who bowls in the number three position on Quantico's team, is an ardent advocate of the practice theory. "Humph" visits Quantico's Enlisted Alleys almost nightly. If he isn't rolling a practice game or match with another kegler, Steele is bowling alone or coaching two or three neophytes of the pastime in the finer points of the game.

Steele began bowling in 1916, some 34 years ago. He still uses the old-style two-fingered ball and rolls a straight ball with a natural delivery. Among other bowlers he is known as a "spare man," earning that title for his ability to pick off spares.

An old China Marine with 17 years of active duty, Steele has bowled on alleys from coast to coast. He was on the Mare Island Post team in 1940 and after returning Stateside from wartime service with the Third Marine Division he rolled with a Marine team in a Klamath Falls (Ore.) commercial league. With Steele holding up as "anchor man," the Klamath Falls Marines finished second in the Class "A" division in 1946.

So far this year, "Humph" has maintained an average of 180 pins with a three-game series mark of 620. His high game in 34 years of bowling is a towering 289 and he has a high game mark of 235 for the 1949-50 season.



Team Captain Max Maletz was bowling in Class "A" competition in Los Angeles back in 1939. This year he completed PRNC league play with an average of 187

Technical Sergeant Max Maletz is the team captain and lead-off man. Max started toppling the pins at Los Angeles, California, in 1938.

Organized bowling leagues, like organized baseball leagues, are grouped in classes according to the ability of the participants. Maletz rolled one year in a Class "C" league and in 1939 moved up into Class "A" competition with an average of 175.

With the bowling season just getting underway, Maletz enlisted in the Corps in October, 1940, and didn't roll again in organized bowling until 1943. That year he bowled with the Dutch Harbor Marine Barracks team in an Aleutian Islands Navy League. The Dutch Harbor Marines took first place and Maletz ended the season with a 180 average.

In 1947, Max bowled on the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, team which

OFFICIAL U.S.M.C. PHOTOGRAPHS

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SET 'EM UP (cont.)



Bowling 'em over in the number two spot on the team, CWO Joseph Inferrera has a lifetime average of about 170. He has bowled with Marines from China to Cuba



captured top honors in the "B" division and lost by a few pins to the first place "A" division squad in a roll-off for the Island championship. His high game since he started bowling equals Steele's high game of 289 pins. Maletz set that mark for himself at Los Angeles in 1939. His high series mark of 683 was rolled at the same time. This year he has had a high game of 268, a high series of 639, and finished PRNC play with an average of 187.

Commissioned Warrant Officer Joseph A. Inferrera rolls in the number two spot on the Quantico squad. With nearly 30 years of active duty in the Marine Corps, CWO Inferrera has almost as many years of active duty on the hardwood alleys.

The "Gunner" started bowling in Cuba in 1921. According to him, athletes had a rough time in those days and being a boxer and a member of the post baseball team placed Inferrera high on the police sergeant's detail list. When the Marine Corps decided to build bowling alleys to provide recreation for the Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Inferrera, then a private, was one of the first men detailed to help build them. "After putting in many hard days

"Practice is the key to good bowling," says MSgt. Steele, who has 34 years pin time. His 1950 series mark is 620

building the damn things, I just had to find out how to use them," the Gunner recalls.

Inferrera has a lifetime average of around 170 pins. Since 1927 he has never finished a season with less than a 168 average and he has bowled on alleys from Cuba to China in that period. He has bowled on Marine teams at Brooklyn, N. Y., San Diego, Calif., Quantico, Va., Guam, Guantanamo Bay and Shanghai, China. He was on the Marine Barracks team at Guam in 1940 and '41, leaving there just before the Japs arrived. In both 1947 and '48, he captured the singles championship of Guantanamo Bay, awarded to the bowler with the highest league average.

Inferrera's season average for PRNC competition was 188. While rolling against Patuxent, runner-up at Quantico for Potomac River Naval Command honors, he bowled eight strikes in a row before faltering in the ninth frame.

He finished the game with 268, his lifetime high to date.

Pfc John R. Griffin fills in the number four slot in the Quantico line-up. Only 23. Griffin is the youngest man on the team but can still boast of 11 years bowling experience.

"Griff" started knocking the wood around when he was only 12 years of age and working as a pin boy in Buffalo, N. Y. Like Maletz, he rolled one year in Class "C" competition and moved up into a Class "A" league. In 1943 he finished the season with an average of 193. This is his first year of organized bowling since 1944.

Griffin has a high single game of 287, rolled when he was 15 years old and still working as a pin boy. The following year he tied three "hot" games together for a series mark of 727, an average of 242.33 pins per game. That's expert bowling!

This year Griff has rolled a 256 single game score and a 690 three-game



series. The Quantico team is the only service team with which he has bowled but Griffin maintains that the alleys at most service installations compare favorably with those in use at civilian bowling establishments. His season average runs to 187 pins.

The "anchor man" for the Marine team, Staff Sergeant Frank Kollar, didn't start bowling until 1940. Frank finished the 1941 season, his first year of organized bowling, with a 165 average and raised that to a 178 mark the following year. The 1942 season was the last for Kollar in organized bowling until after the war. That year he enlisted in the Corps and dropped out of league competition.

Out of the service in 1946, Kollar returned to his home in Cleveland, Ohio, in time to participate in a city-wide tournament, held annually in Cleveland. Competing against the best keggers in that metropolitan area, Frank's team went as far as the Class "A" quarter-finals before losing out.

Sgt. Kollar re-enlisted with the Marines in December, 1946, and was transferred to Quantico. He rolled on the Marine Corps Schools' team in 1947 and 1948. He scored a three-game ser-

ies mark of 635 to win the Middle Eastern Service Command Singles Championship in a tourney held at Fort Belvoir in 1948. His average for the 1949-50 season was 185.

All-Navy bowling differs somewhat from its bigger brothers of the All-Navy Classics. The All-Navy Bowling Tournament is a long-distance affair. Teams bowl on designated dates on alleys throughout the Naval establishment and the scores are telegraphed to the Bureau of Personnel, Navy Department. Final results are tabulated in Washington and the winner of the All-Navy Classic is announced without the participants ever seeing each other or meeting in head-on competition.

The bowling classic also differs in the number of teams participating in the finals. Instead of one team from each coast competing for All-Navy honors, four teams from each coast roll in the finals. Each naval district in the river command selects six keggers to roll in a group play-off. The five highest scores of these six bowlers are counted as a team score and the team with the highest score in the group will represent that group in the All-Navy finals.

This year the Marine Corps Schools' team furnished four of the six men on the Potomac River Naval Command's entry in the Middle Atlantic Group Play-Off. They took this title and joined the group winners of the Northeastern, South Central and Atlantic Fleet groups competing against four West Coast squads in the All-Navy finals. The highest team score of these eight competing teams was named All-Navy Champions and the second highest score nominated as runners-up.

The Potomac River Naval Command bowling team, with Quantico's Maletz, Infererra, Kollar and Griffin bowling in that order, finished third in the big A-N bowling classic. Zenon J. Viereszko, AMC, USN, and Victor J. Cieplinski, AD 2/c, USN, were the fifth and sixth men on the team.

Griffin was low man of the six and his scores did not count in the total pin-fall of the PRNC team, although his high scores two days previously helped win the Middle Atlantic Group title. The total pin-fall for Maletz, Viereszko, Infererra and Kollar was 8514 pins. A team from New Orleans, Eighth Naval District representatives, was first with a pin-fall of 8550 pins. The Atlantic Fleet team was second with 8521. The PRNC squad lost out by a very small margin. The winning team's average was 190 per man per game while the Quantico men's average was tallied at 189.2.

Anything can happen on a bowling alley. A perfect 1-3 pocket hit may leave the seven and ten pins standing, an impossible "split" that is seldom converted. An expert bowler with an average of 200 can run into a streak of hard luck and run a string of splits and misses into a long series of low games.

Although high games will compensate for low ones over a long period and in a season's play the better bowlers will finish on top of the heap. In a tournament or play-off the vagaries of chance frequently decide the winner. Too often the little guy with a mediocre average will get hot and bowl over his head for five or six games. Unless the better bowler can receive a favorable nod from Lady Luck at the same time, the little guy is liable to walk away with the marbles.

In the six games that Quantico lost this season, four of them came in games in which their total pin-fall was well over 900 pins. On one occasion the Marines tallied for a total of 975 pins, an average of 195 per man, only to be tied in the ninth and tenth frames and lose the tie-breaking 11th frame by one pin. You never can tell in bowling, so set 'em up in the other alley, Mac, and let the pins fall where they may!



Pfc John R. Griffin has a high game of 287 and high series of 727. He started bowling at the age of 12. Number four on the team, he carries a 187 average

# MATS MARINES

by TSgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

**VMR- 352, under MATS,**

**hauled 25 million ton-miles, cargo and passengers,**

**without an accident**



ON THE morning of November 2, 1949, Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Vaughn taxied a giant R5D Sky-master to the MATS Terminal of the Hickman Air Force Base after a long over-water flight from California. This was the last flight of Squadron 352 carrying passengers and cargo for the Military Air Transport Service. The strains of the "Marines' Hymn" and the "Air Force Song" were a part of the brief but colorful and impressive ceremony which was held in observance of the occasion.

Flanked by members of his staff, Rear Admiral William G. Tomlinson, Commander, Pacific Division of MATS, delivered the principal address. He cited the squadron's year of service with MATS during which many millions of passengers and ton-miles were flown without accident. The ceremony was concluded in typical Hawaiian custom with the 301st Air Force Band playing "Aloha Oe" and the placing of a lei

TSgt. R. K. Maddox, radio operator on this R5D, keeps flight log and stays in contact with other planes and ground

over the nose of the last plane to make the run.

This completed a year's assignment during which the Marine planes and crews flew the California-Hawaii-Guam run to help maintain MATS' long air line, extending from the San Francisco Bay area to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia. The Marines' participation became necessary when the Air Force and Navy planes were transferred to help maintain the Berlin airlift. Captain Daniel R. Kingsley took the first Marine transport on the assignment from the Hickam Air Force Base to Guam on November 4, 1948.

From the beginning of the assignment until the last plane landed at the Hawaiian air base, pilots of VMR 352

Pacific were flown by the Marine Sky-masters.

When orders were received on October 28, 1948, by Colonel James M. Daly, then commanding officer of VMR 352, transferring all personnel and planes to the operational control of MATS, conferences between squadron officers and Commander, Pacific Division of MATS, reviewed and standardized operational and traffic procedures. It was agreed that Marine, Navy and Air Force crews would be permitted to fly the 15 Marine RSDs delivered to MATS and, if necessary, mixed crews would be used.

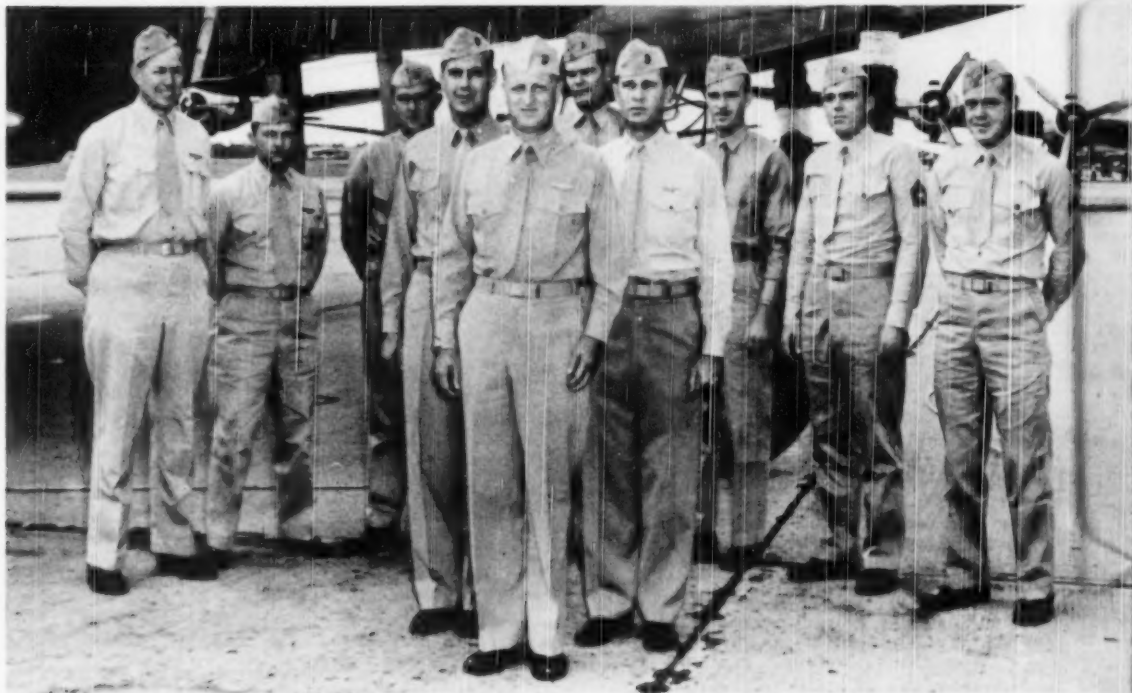
Since VMR 352 had neither the men nor the facilities for this type of operation, maintenance presented one of the major problems. Therefore, the aircraft

by Marine, Navy or Air Force crews.

The Marines shared responsibility for this important function with the maintenance detachment of VR-8, Naval Air Station, Barbers Point, which included about 50 mechanics from the Air Force 1500th Air Transport Group. In addition, experienced Marine maintenance personnel served as instructors at the MATS C-54 school at Hickam Air Force Base. All services were represented in the classes.

During the emergency operations with MATS the Marine squadron operated out of Naval Air Station, Barbers Point, where it had been stationed since the closing of the Marine Corps Air Station at Ewa the previous March.

On June 15, 1949, Colonel Ben "Z"



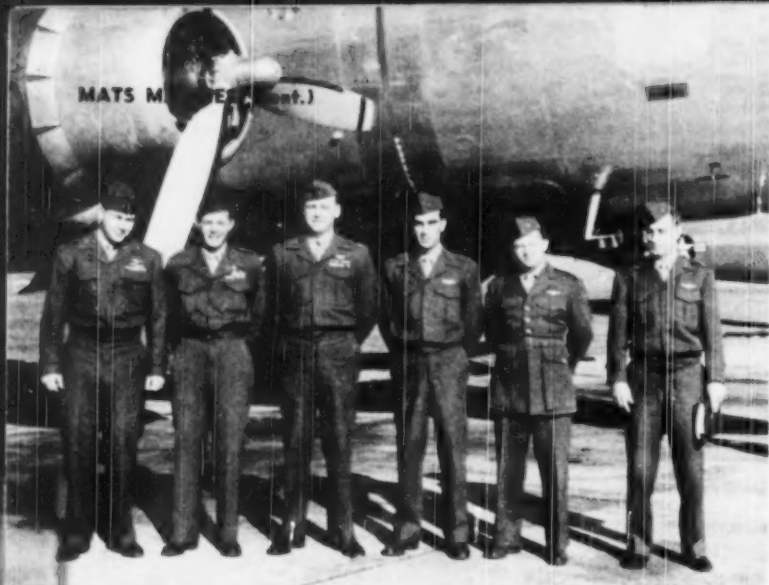
After farewell ceremony beside last MATS plane to fly into Hickam Field are: Lt. Col. Vaughn; Lt. Stender; MSgt. Inman;

Lt. Col. Truitt (Exec), Col. Ben Redfield, CO 352; TSgt. Cassell; Maj. Cline; TSgt. Noble; MSgt. Kennedy; and Sgt. Hendricks

flew 31,000 hours in support of MATS operations and carried over 25,000,000 ton-miles of passenger, mail, and cargo without a flight accident. In addition, more than 1400 air evacuation patients were flown from Guam to Hickam Air Force Base, Honolulu, and more than 2100 from Hickam to Fairfield-Suisun Air Force Base, Calif. During the operation more than 81 million miles of the

assigned to the squadron was maintained by a combined engineering section of Marine, Navy and Air Force personnel. Because of the mixed personnel it became necessary to establish sufficient liaison to insure complete cooperation and coordination of all parties concerned. Marines, however, made the final preflight checks on all of their planes whether they were to be flown

Redfield, a veteran of over 21 years of both civilian and military transport experience, assumed command of the squadron. This joint operation with other services was not a new experience for him and he continued with the efficient operation and cooperation which had marked previous relations between the three services. Upon being relieved from the operational control



Covey of VMR-352 pilots: Lt. R. B. Strole, Capt. W. E. Zane, Capt. D. Kingsley, (who flew the first flight for MATS) Lt. R. Smith, Lt. B. Stender, Capt. E. White

of MATS the squadron commander said he had enjoyed working with the other services and that he felt much benefit and mutual assistance had been obtained from their association.

Although over-water flying often became monotonous it wasn't always routine for the pilots. On a regular MATS flight from Honolulu to Kwajalein on March 28, 1949, Captain Warren L. MacQuarrie took off from Johnston Island with an additional supply of gasoline in order to conduct a search for a Navy PBV which had gone down between Johnston and Kwajalein islands with 11 men aboard. Capt. MacQuarrie flew to the last dead reckoning position of the PBV and began a square search. The downed craft was sighted on the last leg of the search and its position radioed to Johnston. Eighteen minutes later Major William E. Word relieved the first plane on the spot and remained to direct surface craft to the scene and stand by until the survivors were picked up.

Prior to the joint operations with MATS, five of the squadron's RSDs and crew operating from Marine Corps Air Station, Ewa, participated in the airlift from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to San Diego, Calif., carrying students and faculty of the Staff and Command College, at Fort Leavenworth, to observe Marine amphibious landings at San Diego. Aircraft and crews from the squadron in October, 1948, conducted an airlift of the Ninth Marines, First Provisional Brigade, from Guam to Saipan, and return.

After the gradual withdrawal of the squadron from Pacific duty the planes and personnel were ordered to Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro. This transfer was completed during December with Col. Redfield leading the flight echelon to the new station and the executive officer, Lieutenant Colonel B. B. Truitt, bringing back the unit's heavy equipment and ground personnel on the USS *Butner*.

VMR 352 was activated in April, 1943, at Cherry Point, N. C., as a utility squadron but became a transport squadron during the latter part of the Pacific war and is presently composed of 15 giant Douglas Skymasters and manned by 45 officers and 360 enlisted men. From their new home at El Toro they are now operating with their co-squadron, VMR 152, as Marine Air Group 25, in FMF airlift operations, in transporting Reserves to their duty stations, and in regular squadron training and maintenance. **END**



There is always minor work to be done on the engines and planes to insure dependable operating order. The ground crew handles the craft with loving care

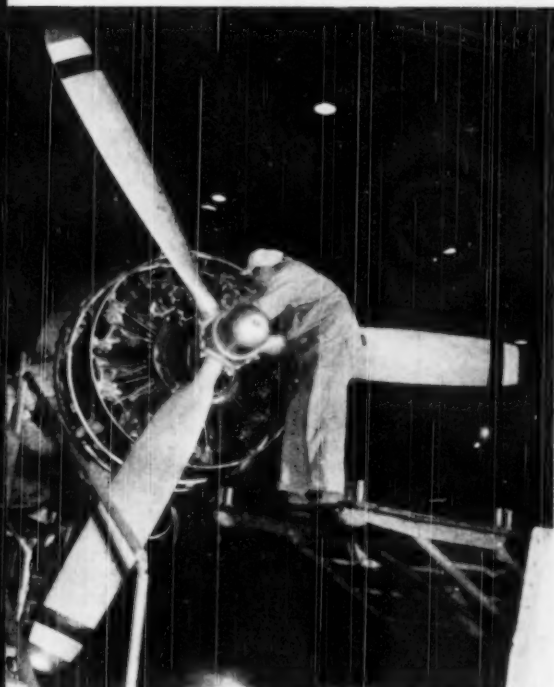




MSgt. Bernard Soja and SSgt. Don Boyd stencil parachutes for the squadron—None of the pilots or crew needed them



Routine hop for Lt. R. L. Smith. The superb record of the squadron won commendations for all officers and men



The periodic check-up. Mechs, required to overhaul motors after an allotted running time, do it oftener for safety's sake



Removable seats allow the plane to carry all types of cargo. Marines flew 81 million miles for MATS in the Pacific area

# WE- THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. Frank X. Goss

**CHOICE**—As a sample of what Marines select in fiancées, we present Jeri Spargur, age 18, singer, co-ed at Ohio State—choice of Reservist Dave Pollard

Leatherneck will pay \$5.00 for each W-T-M item accepted for publication



## MP Nabs Yeggs

While making a routine jeep patrol along the military road bordering the Makalapa district, Pearl Harbor, T. H., Corporal Roger M. Waldron noticed a pick-up truck and a convertible coupe parked in a roadside clearing. It was in the early hours of the morning and the young military policeman became suspicious. He radioed the license numbers of the vehicles to his headquarters at Pearl Harbor and proceeded to investigate.

The nocturnal intruders noted the jeep's approach and drove off quickly in the direction of Honolulu. Then the chase began in traditional cops and robbers style.

With his suspicions strengthened by their hasty exit Corp. Waldron took out in hot pursuit after the suspects. He overtook the pick-up truck and forced it off the side road bed near the main gate of Camp Catlin. In the meantime, the fast convertible sped away and headed for the city.

Confronted with the Marine's pistol, the lone driver of the pick-up surrendered meekly without a struggle.

Investigating the contents of the canvas-covered truck, Waldron found a

500-lb. safe in the rear with three of its four hinges broken. He placed the driver under arrest and held him until the Honolulu police arrived a few minutes later.

Aided by the license number Waldron



had radioed in earlier, the city sleuths picked up the driver of the convertible 20 minutes later in downtown Honolulu.

The safe, containing nearly \$1000, had been stolen a few hours earlier from a shop in Honolulu.

While he served at Pearl Harbor Corp. Waldron completed a course entitled "Plant Security" through the Marine Corps Institute. The course covered all aspects of guarding buildings and areas, and the apprehension of criminals.

Apparently Corp. Waldron was more than an apt student.

## Defender of The Faith

Another repeatable quote came to light at a recent get-together between Admiral Forrest Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, and a group of former combat correspondents and Pub-Rel officers. According to Frank Farrell, New York World Telegram reporter, a former Marine CC asked the admiral, "Are you going to let the Army and the Air Force carry out their expressed intention to scuttle the United States Marine Corps?"

In Farrell's words, "Adm. Sherman smiled warmly, shook his head and flatly stated to five of us: 'If there is any doubt as to how I feel about the Marine Corps, let me reassure you in all sincerity and for the record. I returned from the Pacific with a hell of a fine reputation as a strategist. How did I acquire that reputation? I'll tell how I got it. No matter what devilish job was thrown at me in the Pacific by the Joint Chiefs of Staff—no matter how humanly impossible it seemed to accomplish—the Marines always pulled it off successfully for me. And if they have never realized this before, tell this to the U. S. Marines now!'"

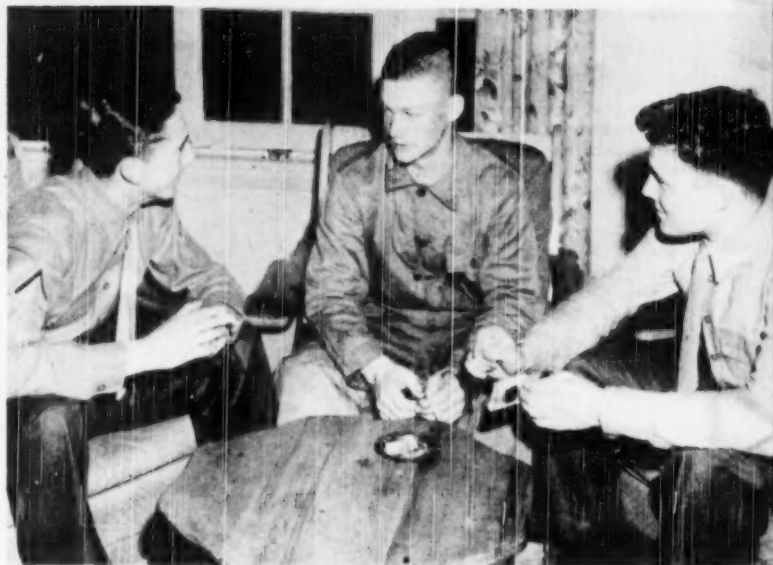
## The Old Breed

In addition to following the First Marine Division, Odyssey-like, from Guadalcanal to Okinawa, former combat correspondent George McMillan has provided a number of choice truisms in his history of the First MarDiv, "The Old Breed." One of the best quotes, in this, or any other book concerning the somewhat intangible weapon of the fighting

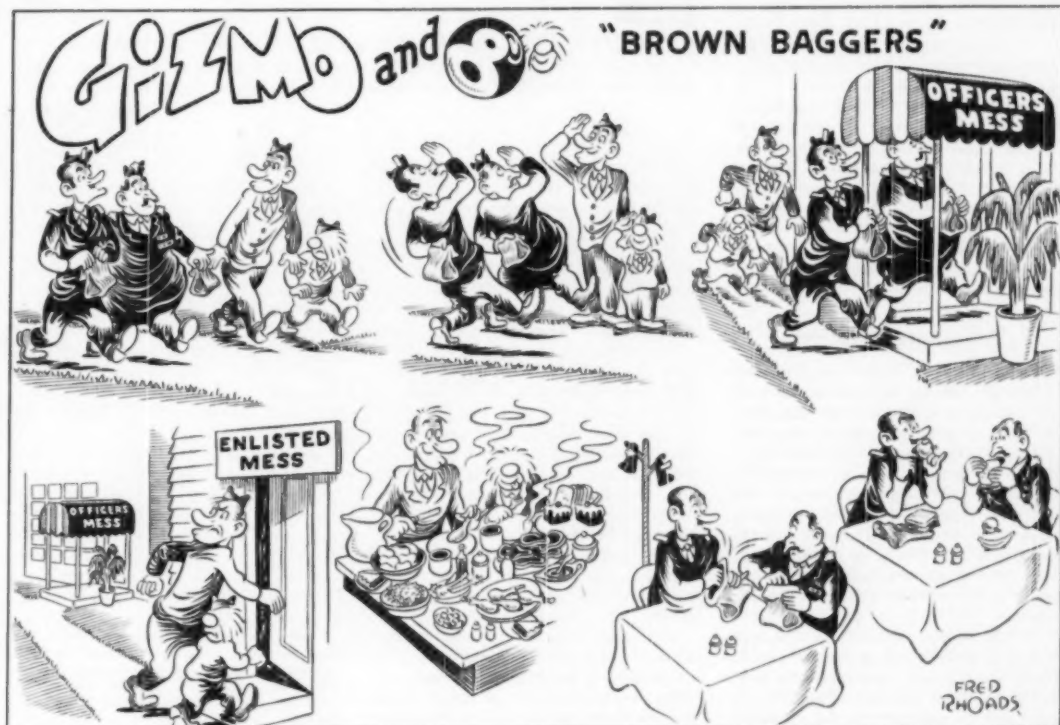


is found in a young First Division captain's analysis of morale. "It has," he said, "nothing to do with U. S. O. shows or parchessi games. Morale comes from discipline, training and combat experience. It runs high when every man feels he is part of the toughest squad in the crack platoon of the best company mustering for the greatest fighting outfit on earth. That is the only morale that counts in battle."

TURN PAGE



**BROTHERS IN ARMS**—There was a family reunion at the San Diego Recruit Depot when the three Root brothers of Tacoma, Wash., got together. The occasion was a "Welcome to the Corps" extended by Ray and Marion (right) to kid brother Don



## WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

### The Sailor Sued

When a Marine and a Sailor got into a discussion of this and that, the Sailors' use of "abusive, obscene and disrespectful language" to the Marine caused an admiral to be sued for \$50,000.

An apprentice seaman, now in the brig at Norfolk, was given a four-month term and a bad-conduct discharge after a disturbance which occurred in front of a Washington, D. C.



slopphute. The Sailor sued the officers who sat on the general court-martial board which sentenced him and also included the admiral who approved the findings of the court, in his charge of "illegal imprisonment."

The Sailor's lawyer said that the language involved "consisted of the usual epithets concerning the Marine's place in the animal kingdom and his parentage."

The Sailor claimed that his brig term "exceeded the maximum punishment" under Navy regulations.

The Marine in the case was acting as a shore patrolman at the time of the incident. He was trying to break up a "slight (according to the lawyer) argument" between a tavern proprietor, the Sailor in question and another Sailor.

The other Sailor got six months for resisting arrest. He hasn't sued anybody yet.

### Quantico Housing

In February a gloom settled over scores of married Marines living with their families in the town of Quantico. A bill was being hatched in the Virginia State capitol which would remove the rent control laws governing the rental of their shabby quarters. If the bill was approved the Marines feared their rents would sky-rocket above the gouging sums they were already paying for run-down trailers, converted chicken coops, and other inadequate shelters.

The Quantico Marine Base, although it has a better housing situation than many other posts, was unable to help the beleaguered Marines. The Marines who will be affected by the expected



MISS AMERICA—Jacque Mercer Cook shared her birthday cake with Marines of Company E, 13th Infantry Battalion, in Tucson, Ariz. She also accepted sponsorship of the outfit. MSgt. T. J. Minahan supervises and TSgt. H. E. Wilkinson stands by

legislation are those awaiting government quarters on the station. The Quantico Base attempts to accommodate all of its married personnel but because of the large number of family men stationed at Quantico many of the more recent arrivals have been forced to take the first quarters they could find in the town.

Realizing the unfairness of the situation, Commander James Davis, USN, staff civil engineer of the Marine base and Colonel James J. Keating, inspector and legal officer of the post, faced the Virginia General Assembly in Richmond, in opposition to the bill. Outside spigots for community use, an overflowing cesspool and ramshackle buildings which appeared to defy the law of gravity were cited by Cmdr. Davis in his charge to the assembly that "the town of Quantico is a scab on the fair face of Virginia."

Bill Brinkley, a Washington reporter, journeyed to Quantico with a photographer to get on-the-spot information and pictures of actual housing conditions in the town. What the

reporter found in pictures and print rated a full page in the Washington Post, and included many unflattering comments from Marines who had lived in the town of Quantico in the past.

In a statement to the press, Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, who led the Marines' fight to get decent housing, pointed out that Marines assigned to the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico do not come as a matter of their own choosing. They are ordered to Quantico whether the assignment is welcome or not.

Relief is in sight, though. The construction of 450 low cost housing units at Quantico has been approved but they will not be ready for occupancy until the Spring of 1951. In the meantime, Marines will have to endure the cesspool's overflow, the rickety chicken coops and the other decrepit housing.

**Editor's Note.**—Just before Leatherneck went to the printers the Virginia General Assembly passed the bill discontinuing rent controls for the Quantico area and the entire state of Virginia. The bill was scheduled to become effective the 25th of next month.



## Olympic Champ

Maybe it's the war and maybe it's just being a Marine, but at least one world's champion comes out of the Corps in every war.

Back in the 20s it was Gene Tunney and the heavyweight boxing title; from the second world conflict came former sergeant Glen Brand and the Olympic 174-pound wrestling title.

From the time Brand first tried out for his high school wrestling team he dreamed of capturing the Olympic wrestling title. Thirty-three months in the Marine Corps did little to dull the dream; they only stimulated his desire to be a world's champion.

When Brand got out of the Marine Corps he enrolled at Iowa State College where he intended to lay the ground work for the attainment of his ambition and studied for a career as a civil engineer.

Glen was fortunate in having one of the nation's outstanding wrestling coaches, Hugo Otopalik. Otopalik is highly respected in the coaching profession and is presently Chairman of the National Amateur Athletic Union Wrestling Committee.

Through the long, three-year grind of preparation for his Olympic turn Glen established an enviable record for himself. In 1946 he was undefeated as a heavyweight in dual meets. In the National Collegiate Tournament



**GRAPPLER**—This former Marine made history at last Olympics. He grunted and groaned his way to victory in 174-lb. class; in this corner—Glen Brand

that year at Stillwater, Okla., he took on some 300-pounders and managed to make third best in the heavyweight class.

Brand's only dual meet loss in three years of wrestling was a close decision to former Marine, Mike Di Biase of Nebraska. In the NCAA finals he placed second to another Iowa boy, Joe Scarpello. Returning home after that defeat the quiet muscle-man vowed that he'd never lose again to Joe Scarpello and that he'd be the U. S. choice in the 1948 Olympics. He kept his vow with a vengeance!

Starting the following year, Brand went 28 straight matches without a loss. In that string he won his third consecutive Big Seven title, defeated Scarpello in the NCAA series, won the U. S. finals tryouts for the Olympics, and went on to London to defeat the best the world had to offer in the 174-pound division. Brand and Henry Wittenberg of the New York Police Force were the only American wrestlers to contribute to the honors won by the U. S. Olympic Team.

A shoulder injury has kept Glen out of competition this year but whether or not he wrestles again, his place in the wrestling annals at Iowa State College and in Olympic history is secure. Those who know him acclaim him as a true sportsman, a fine man and an excellent student; in short, a good Marine.



**UNIFICATION**—The Marine Corps and the Navy are unified in more than one way. Here's a typical reason: CNO, Adm. Forrest Sherman is shown with his brother Paul, a colonel in the Corps. Our own Commandant's son is a Navy lieutenant

## Birds of Different Feathers

Ground crewmen at NAS Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico, were surprised to see Air Force Lieutenant Jesse Hearin alight from one of Marine Fighter Squadron 115's sleek new "Panther" jets. Air Force ground crewmen at the AFB, Ramey Field, P. R., were equally amazed to find salty Marine pilots climbing aboard F-84 "Thunderjets" to participate in the recent Operation Portrex.

Hearin's presence with the Marines and the number of Marine pilots flying the Air Force jets was a result of the Department of Defense policy of attaching officers to services other than their own in a temporary status in order to insure a more complete understanding of problems peculiar to the individual services.

The Marines of VMF 115 regarded Hearin as an outstanding officer and pilot. During the several months prior to Operation Portrex he gained enough proficiency with the "Panthers" to be selected for "wing" position for the squadron commander, Major Dick Amerino.

The exchange measure enabled Marine and Air Force birdmen to get the feel of planes somewhat different than the type to which they were accustomed and is another step in the direction of a mutual admiration society which should benefit the cause of unification.

## Repatriate

A solemn, square-jawed lad who recently completed recruit training at San Diego well remembers his first conversation with an American military man. He has good reason to recall the incident, for at the time he stood at the business end of a rifle.

In the final months of World War II, an American sentry in Germany discovered a trespasser on his post. He thrust the muzzle of his M-1 into the waistline of what appeared to be a teen-age German boy. The sentry grunted for an explanation.

"Good morning," said the boy, breaking out his only two phrases in the Yankee tongue. "My father speaks English." Evidently, the words were sufficient, for the boy completed his mission. He passed through the Allied lines, walked to a nearby village, bought cigarettes for his father, and returned by the same route.

If the sentry had known that his youthful interloper was an American citizen, he might have demanded fur-

ther explanation, for Gunther Dohse, the boy of the front-line incident, was born in California. In 1933 he left Los Angeles with his parents, bound for Germany. In 1936 his mother returned to the States but Gunther stayed with his father; three years later, Germany was at war and the road back to the States was closed.

Four years ago, when Dohse was 15, he began the cycle of events which were to lead him to his homeland and finally to a Marine Corps boot camp. He applied for repatriation privileges at the German end of the red tape. Upon investigation for undesirable political affiliations he was found clear of Nazism and his return to America was approved. He returned Stateside last June.

Dohse does not speak perfect Eng-



lish. There is a definite accent in his speech and a certain clipped bluntness when he answers questions, as though he were economizing on words.

A question which ordinarily draws

vague answers, evokes from Dohse a blunt reply.

When asked, "Why are you in the Marine Corps?" Dohse replied firmly, "Because I don't want to be anything but a soldier."

In recruit training, Dohse was a singularly un-bewildered boot. He appears to have seen too many strange events to be easily unseated. One thing which may have helped his presence of mind is a Russian shrapnel wound on his leg.

Right now, he has a pressing ambition: "I want, most of all, to lose this accent," he explains without smiling.

Chevron

## New Owner

The Post Exchange at Henderson Hall, home of personnel on duty at HQMC, recently selected a new laundry to keep the Headquarters Marines looking neat and shiny. To show their thanks for the business the laundry even went to the trouble of printing distinctive laundry slips for the Marines' use. But what a shock when the Marines read the heading on the slips!

Here is what it said:

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS  
Henderson Hall  
OPERATED BY CAPITAL LAUNDRY INC.

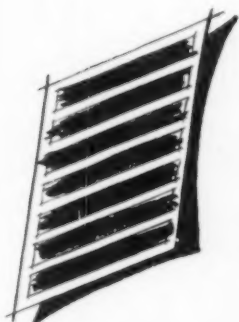


SUBMERTANK—When Warner Bros. studio needed a gizmo for picture, "The Lady Takes a Sailor," they slapped a conning tower on a LVT and voila, a Submertank! Col. W. F. Parks, Dennis Morgan, and Major G. West examine the studio model

# Profile...

OF

M/Sgt. Austin "Derby" Ross



by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer



THE sergeant majoring business doesn't create characters but it certainly collects them. Each is justly proud of his fame, and the exploits of these fabulous seventh pay graders have written a heavy slice of the Corps' history and tradition. Camp Lejeune has its own roster of the men who fall into this category and on it you'll find the name of big, gruff-talking Austin J. "Derby" Ross who handles the sergeant major's work at the Second Combat Service Group. Ross stands six foot one inch and tops the scales at around 224.

This year he will have 30 years in the Corps; he doesn't bother to count his Navy time as a boatswain's mate in the first World War. Before starting his service career he lived in San Francisco, a city noted for large bridges, a rather spectacular fire, and an earthquake in 1906. When this happened, Ross was six years old.

In 1917 Ross graduated from Mission High School, a bit of a feat in itself. The school has turned out many prominent local and national figures in the past 40 years. Although Mission High is a credit to the California State school system the student body has never been renowned for holding Maypole dances

or wearing Buster Brown collars. When Ross enrolled it was a prudent idea to spend as much time learning self-defense as it was to learn English and Math. He mastered all the tenets of higher education at Mission and earned his diploma. It wasn't necessary for him to devote too much time perfecting a stomp to the short ribs in his junior and senior years. By that time he was over six feet tall and carried enough weight around to pass all the fistic exams thrown his way by the local toughs.

When he was ready to make his way in the world the country was embroiled in the first World War. Enthusiastic young men were stampeding the recruiting offices trying to be among the first Americans to stem the advance of the Hun hordes. Ross signed into the Naval Reserve. The Navy got him into the war in short order and he shipped out of New York as part of an armed guard gun crew. Later he was transferred to the destroyer *Caldwell* on convoy duty. For weeks the violent storms of the North Sea and harsh winter gales in the Atlantic

lashed the slim four stacker as she nosed about searching for enemy "U" boats. Herding the wallowing supply and transport ships across the pond called for sturdy seamen. It wasn't all rugged duty, however, sandwiched between trips there were liberties in London and Paris with New York waiting at the other end of the run. There were sights to see, mademoiselles to pursue and gendarmes to battle. Austin decided he liked the adventurous life. Then came the Armistice.

War was officially over the 30th of June, 1919, for the Californian when he was paid off at the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a second class boatswain's mate. Ross returned to San Francisco to ease himself back into civilian life.

But things had changed while he had been away. The hectic days of reconstruction were over. The city had shaken off all traces of the quake and fire. Roaring, tumultuous Barbary Coast was a withered weed in the civic garden. On the streets roistering, mustachioed swagmen and soldiers of fortune, fairly common sights at the turn of the century, were now outnumbered

by pallid clerks in hard finished black suits. Off in the side alleys a few hard-bitten members of the gambling fraternity and flashily dressed sports were still in business but most of them had departed for lusher pastures. The city was settling down. Halcyon days were coming and they held little appeal for Ross. He left the city intent on seeing something of the United States. Fifteen months later the burly ex-boatwain's mate walked into the recruiting office in Pittsburgh and signed into the Corps. Civilian life was too tame for him.

From Parris Island's recruit depot he went to Camaguey, Cuba, and then in September of the following year he was transferred to what was then called the Third Company at Quantico. While he was doing a four month duty stint at Quantico he teamed up with a group of Marines who were building up a few records in pigskin gardens around the East Coast. Their names were: Goettge, Sanderson, Palmer, McHenry, McMain, Larson, Kyle and Liversedge. They were not only very proficient Marines they were also exceedingly deft at winning football contests. In '22 they poleaxed Gallaudet and Georgetown among others and then won the service title by beating out a representative Army team 13-12 before 50,000 fans in Baltimore. Altogether, it was a highly successful year for the team and linesman Ross. It set the stage for the grand-slam the athletic minded Marines made the following year.

When the '22 football season ended Ross was sent to Mare Island, Calif., where the Navy maintains large shipyards and the Marines maintain a first rate baseball team. For the next two decades Ross was slated to be hooked up with whatever athletic activity was currently in season—regardless of where he was.

While playing with the Mare Island aggregation in 1925 a *Leatherneck* correspondent paid this tribute to the big first baseman:

"Derby" Austin Ross, Mare Island's ugly duckling, has been crashing the great American apple like a Hornsby in the last five games. He has connected for 12 safe ones in 20 trips to the plate. Derby is also playing bang up ball at station one."

Ross cut quite a swath with the Mare Island team the three years he was there. It was during this time that he also picked up the tag of "Derby." It seems that the city of Sacramento was having a sort of horseback regatta. Sacramento is located a scant 60 miles from Mare Island so the irrepressible



Ross and a few selected associates decided to put in an appearance. Cowboy get-togethers for the purposes of wrestling doggies and riding untamed ponies were called "derbies" in those days instead of the currently popular "rodeo." They attracted large groups of participants and spectators in the cowpunching profession. When the Marines hit town there was a large representation of these individuals prowling the streets of the state capital. All were colorfully decked out in holiday garb made up of bright silks, large hats and levis. The attire of these people made the blues of the visiting Marines look pale by comparison. This slightly irked Austin and he and his friends retired to one of the town's clandestine "hootch shops." As the evening wore on he soundly denounced the entire lasso and branding iron business as spurious and phony. In the heat of the oratory he declared that he, Ross, could ride a hoss as well as any saddle-bum in town. Fortunately the custom of wearing six-guns had fallen into disuse so Ross completed his speech unscathed. Due to the fact that Austin is a rather large-edition Marine and his friends were of similar stature, no physical harm befell them that night. However, a group of cowmen associated with running the show took note of his remarks.

The next day Ross was at peace with the world and preparing to leave the hotel in search of adventure when a deputation of spur-clinking officials called on him. They offered him a chance to make good his dictum of the

night before in the bronc-busting contest that afternoon. Austin's friends listened to the proposition and considered it a hot idea. After persuasion Ross grudgingly agreed.

It would be nice to jot down at this point that Derby set a record that day and walked off with all the honors, but as he recalls, about the only thing he did was prove that a full gaynor could be done from the back of mad cayuse. Unfortunately this is not considered the tops in technique for busting broncs so Ross left the stadium unlaureled. His buddies, however, enjoyed the entire caper. They promptly christened him "Derby" and the nickname stuck.

China was the next stop for Derby. He arrived at Peking in '26. He helped annex the North China baseball crown the following year when the Marines whipped the Army's 15th infantry, 1-0. He collected one double and one single that day. Tientsin duty came next, then he was sent back to San Diego in time for the '28 football season. Ross helped place the Marine Corps Base second in the Naval District standings that season. Shifted back to Mare Island again, he took over as captain and manager of the barracks cagers. They took the 14th Naval District basketball championship that season.

During the '30s he was busy packing and unloading his gear in places like Cavite, Shanghai, Olongapo and Quantico. From '37 into the middle of 1941 he stayed in Shanghai. His enthusiasm for sports never flagged, at practically



every new post he hit he immediately became involved in the local athletic setup. Toward the end of the thirties he slowed up a bit, but his experience as a mentor and general sports swami picked up by way of compensation. Athletic officers at the places to which he reported regarded him as a sort of walking "shot in the arm" for the home team.

Leaving China just shortly before the shooting started, the rugged Derby found himself back again on the scene of his first sports triumph—Quantico. It was different sort of duty this time, however. Instead of being a tough linesman and rear-rank peon, he was now a respected sergeant major. He was seldom seen at his desk in the Special Services office there. Most of the time he was busy coaching the various post teams.

Highspot of his four years at Quant-

played for the House of David, flowing beard and all.

Derby was considerably in evidence that day exhorting his boys, heaping abuse on the cleat-wearing Sailors and Mr. MacPhail. On two occasions coach Ross and MacPhail disagreed on an issue at the top of their lungs. The 20,000 fans present took up sides. Both men are extremely resonant beefers when fully aroused and the only way umpire MacPhail could make himself heard over the whoops and moans of the irate Ross was to threaten to remove him from the game, the park, Newark, the state of New Jersey and possibly the Marine Corps if necessary. All of this was noted by sports columnist Bob Considine who gave over his column to the Marines the next day in tribute to their surprise showing against the cream of baseball's big-timers.

Guantanamo Bay's ball team was the next lashup to get the services of the sergeant major, he coached them through the '46 and '47 seasons. The small, 220-man post, placed ten men on the 10th Naval District team the last year that Ross was there.

This year he won't be as active in a coaching capacity as in former years.

"Time to let some of the younger fellers take over," he said. But he is not beyond climbing out of the stands and speaking his mind in the dugout.

He visited the Lejeune emplacement several times last year to give his opinions on what he took to be mistakes or oversights on the part of a player or the management.

Does he think the present All-Navy football champs are as good or better than the legendary squad of the early twenties?

He says, "They're good all right, but I still think Quantico has a long way to go before they equal the '22 team."

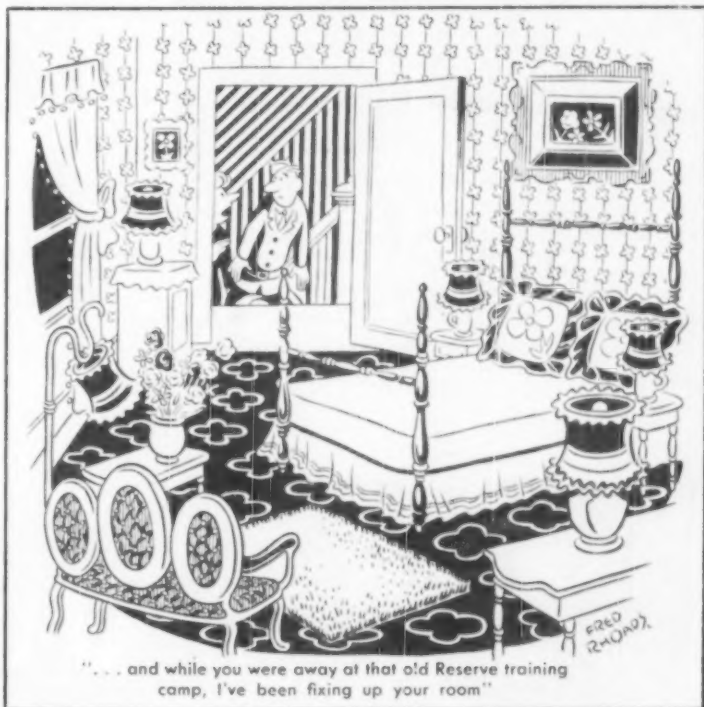
That from the man who has spent 30 years playing, coaching and observing teams in action constitutes a fairly weighty decision. One sure bet is that he'll be watching and hoping that the Marine teams this season can tie the mark made by the Goettge-inspired outfit of yesteryear.

It is hard to believe that Ross has been in the Corps 30 years. Husky, erect and clear of eye, it would be hard to mistake him, even in civilian clothes, for anything but a leading sergeant major. His work at the Second Combat Service Group, the lodge, activities at the Staff NCO Club plus his four year old twin daughters, Iris and Eris, keep him constantly on the go. His plans for the future are limited to this simple statement:

"Just haven't had time to do any thinking about retiring yet. Guess I'll get around to it someday . . ." **END**



ico was the Navy Relief baseball game played at Newark in 1942. The big charity affair featured Bob Feller's Navy nine, a group of big league ball players in for the duration as specialists in this kind of work. Opposing them was a recently organized club from Quantico featuring players of no great renown. They were culled from the ranks of men passing through the post enroute to the Pacific. Larry MacPhail and Gil Stratton, Jr. umpired the contest. It was a six-inning show. No one thought the Marines had a chance of beating the all-star Norfolk team—they were right. On the other hand not many people thought the game would end in a scoreless tie. But it did. The Marines couldn't hit Feller but the Navy didn't fare much better against Pvt. Gordon Bradshaw, the Quantico moundsman whose only claim to baseball eminence was that he had once





**D** **RAGON-NAP**

A cluster of femininity which would put even an Esquire calendar to shame was grouped in an impatient knot near the gates. And there was so much of it, too! A well-rounded assortment of redheads, blondes and brunettes over 6 feet tall

The two eightballs with a reputation for

foul-ups had conquered the Hyena but they

were held to a draw by screaming females

THE colonel's long, bony finger loomed across the desk like the snout of an M-1. His leathery jaw froze in a taut line which the two quaking privates had learned to respect.

"Your last chance," he growled. "Foul up this time and you're out." His glance flicked from the freckled brow of Scuttles Scanlon to the baby-blue eyes of Joe Huber. "Get it? Out!"

"Yes, Sir!"

The colonel "harrumphed" twice, snorted and gave the secure signal by rattling some papers.

And they secured. Passing gingerly through the bronze doors of the ad building, they breathed in big, grateful chunks of El Toro air. Joe slid his cap to its usual mooring on the port side of his cropped head.

"Close," he breathed. "Really close!"

"Oh, I don't know," Scuttles mused, "remember those sessions old Major Anderson used to pull off?"

TURN PAGE



ERS

by W. T. Bowcott





"Anyway," Joe scowled, "I wish we knew a little more about this school."

Scuttles brightened. "I was talkin' to some yardbird in the squadron about it. It's not so bad. It's run by Grumblin Aircraft Company. They teach you all about jets."

"You mean . . . no brass?"

"Not even a tech," Scuttles grinned. "Just civilians. They show you how to service Grumblin's jets in the squadrons."

But Joe wasn't listening. "No officers . . . just civilians . . . and duty in little, ole New York."

Scuttles and Joe exchanged salty winks.

They were still winking a week later as they swung into the feverish, blatant rush of Grand Central Station. A cab scooped them up, whisked them thru a honking, skittering tangle of cars, down a few miles of tile-lined tunnels; and out past a confusing assortment of junk yards, service stations and weedy lots. It finally dumped them down at a gatehouse on which a sign glittered in the morning sun:

**GRUMBLIN AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
HOME OF THE HYENA**

The long, low building which housed the Navy's famous jet manufacturer sprawled behind miles of barbed wire on the edge of the airport. Joe and Scuttles set a course for the distant entrance.

The reception lobby of the aircraft company was a vast expanse of mahogany and gleaming chrome. A curvaceous blonde, dripping with culture and costume jewelry, presided over a huge semicircular desk.

"A blonde," Scuttles observed, hitching up his greens. "I'll handle it."

"Stand aside," Joe warned.

But the cool, collected Miss Swanson proved that she could handle herself like a Tarawa veteran. She had no free evenings, no sympathy for homeless Marines and no desire to help morale. In short . . .

"No!"

"Okay," Joe pouted. "Okay!"

As they walked down a shining, tiled corridor Joe began to expound his basic strategy. "There's ways of handling

these feather merchants. This Anderson guy . . . he's runnin' the school so he probably thinks he's a big operator. We'll snow 'em under—fast."

"Right!"

They pushed into a small office that seemed to be bursting with clippings, magazines, tobacco smoke and the smell of stale coffee. Telephones were clanging and two harassed secretaries were cramming papers into bulging files. But Scuttles and Joe didn't notice. They were staring into the cold, steady eyes that leered up at them from a deceptively cherubic face.

"Holy smoke!" Joe gulped.

"Oily Anderson!" Scuttles swallowed hard. "Major Anderson!"

"Hello, men," Oily grinned, waving two sets of orders at them. "I've been expecting you. Sit down."

As they slumped into the hard chairs they noticed that Oily, the civilian, was little changed from Oily, the iron-fisted wartime skipper of their old VMF outfit. He was still outwardly genial and roly-poly . . . but inside beat a heart of the finest Vanadium steel.

"I haven't seen you boys since . . . let's see . . . that little matter of the Limburger cheese in my dress blues."

Joe squirmed, unhappily. "It was Camembert."

"Anyway . . ." Oily shrugged. ". . . fate's thrown us together again. I'm Grumblin's publicity director . . . and also happen to be in charge of the Service School. We'll get along."

"Are you . . ." Scuttles' voice took on a sliver of hope. "Ah . . . do you know the conditions . . . about us?"

Oily's grin twisted across his face as he nodded.

The knees of Joe and Scuttles went into a samba duet. They knew that twisted grin from way back.

After some vague instructions about checking in, class schedules and grades, the unwilling students stumbled back into the corridor. Dashed were their dreams of beautiful, carefree hours in New York, be-minked chorines and free drinks. Oily was going to see that they learned about jet propulsion if it killed them.

They were thrown into a daily work

schedule that would have floored an ox—or even a recruit in boot training. From six in the morning when they hit the deck until midnight when they dropped into their sacks they listened to lectures, stood through endless shop demonstrations and studied. They gulped morsels of Hyena data for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"I think I'm sproutin' turbine blades," Joe growled.

Oily's strategy soon became obvious. The instructors were firing the toughest questions at them. Whenever there was any extra duty involved they always drew the assignment. Oily was going to see that they washed out—and first he was going to have himself a time grinding them down.

"We'll fight back!" Scuttles gritted.

"We can't wash out," Joe agreed.

"Can you imagine bustin' out of the Corps and goin' to . . ." He winced. ". . . to work!"

They turned to with a fury which caused Oily's impassive lids to pop open in surprise. They tapped brain cells that they didn't even know they had; they thumbed Hyena erection and maintenance handbooks until the pages were rags; they concentrated so hard it hurt.

And, surprisingly enough, they made passing grades. At first, they sweated out scant 2.5s but, as the weeks passed and the end of the course loomed ahead they began to push their averages up to a comfortable margin. Oily was wearing a worried look.

"He's plottin' somethin'," Joe reasoned.

"He can't touch us," Scuttles grinned. "I got every rivet in that thing memorized."

Then it came—an on-the-double summons to appear in Oily's office. As perspiration oozed from their nervous pores, Joe and Scuttles began to envision screaming factory whistles, relentless time clocks and gimlet-eyed bosses—work!

But, in Oily's office, their fears began to melt. The ex-major's greeting was warm and sincere.

"I've been giving you guys a rough shuffle," he admitted. "Frankly, I tried to bust you out. But . . ." He shrugged. ". . . you seem to have it made, so I'm sending you through."

Scuttles puffed up like a new loogie on OD duty.

"Shake?" Oily extended a pudgy hand.

"Yes, Sir!"

"Oh . . . one little favor . . . We're having a press show on the Hyena tomorrow. You know . . . radio, newsreels, press boys, visiting brass . . . the works. We want to spread it all over every rag in the country."



Joe merely grunted. His thoughts were already turning to girls . . . liberty in New York . . . girls . . . girls . . .

"A lot of people have been invited . . . civic groups . . . political big-wigs . . . We're having a little dinner for them tonight—sort of a warm-up affair. A group's coming in at Penn Station. Wonder if you'd mind picking them up for me in a company car?"

Something clicked inside Joe's cranium. "Did you say Penn Station . . . New York?"

Oily nodded. "These are the Daughters of Liberty—some kind of political group. A Washington delegation led by the Grand Old Dragon of Liberty is due in on the 6:10."

"Glad to, Major," Scuttles beamed, thinking of about three hours of beautiful liberty before train time.

"Fine . . . fine."

In about ten minutes flat Joe and Scuttles were cruising thru the Grumblin Aircraft gate in a long, underslung sedan. Joe swung the car down a long ribbon of highway while Scuttles settled back and puffed on the blackest, fattest cigar he could find.

"Oily's not a bag egg," Joe admitted. "For ex-brass, that is."

As they purred by the field they could see the frantic preparations underway for the Hyena's unveiling. A crew of men swarmed like ants over a special launching apron being rushed to completion. A dozen concrete trucks were splashing tons of pre-mixed cement into forms.

"Quite a blow-out Oily's plannin'," Joe grinned.

But Oily, and Grumblin Aircraft, and the Hyena were forgotten as they parked the car near the station and headed, by mutual unspoken urge, for the nearest bar. The six-week course had been rugged duty and they were thoroughly dehydrated. They were in New York at last—with over two hours to kill.

The bartender of the Terminal Tavern proved to have a sympathetic ear, the drinks were

mellow, the lights were restful and the music soft. The kinks they had tied in long dormant brain cells were slowly coming loose—in fact, they were getting downright limp. Scuttles' voice took on a peculiar, thickened quality; Joe's eyes became a bit glazed.

It was Scuttles who finally ventured a look at his watch. "'s funny . . . this thing says six-thirty."

A full minute of concentration on the radium dial finally produced a reaction.

"Six-thirty," Joe mumbled, "and we're suppose to meet the six-ten."

It was with considerable effort that they hoisted themselves from the leather bar stools and set a wavering course for the doors of Penn Station across the street. They peered cautiously down into the huge main corridor with its many gates. Unsteadily they descended the steps and began their search for the irate delegation of dragons. Then they saw them.

"Hoppin' Hyenas!" Scuttles gasped. "Look!"

"Boyohboyohboy!"

A cluster of femininity which would put even an *Esquire* calendar to shame was grouped in an impatient knot near one of the gates—and there was so much of it! The group was a well-rounded assortment of redheads, blondes, brunettes and undecideds, all

over six feet tall. Standing slightly to one side was a tall, willowy Amazon with a pair of eyes which sent curious, little ripples right down to the end of Scuttles' spine.

"It can't be!" he whispered. "We'd never get a break like that!"

"Doesn't look like a delegation to me," Joe agreed. "Still . . . no harm in asking."

Scuttles was already giving his greens the customary "condition able" hitches.

"Excuse me," he said, easing up to the Amazon. "I wonder if you're the . . . nh . . . the . . ." The eyes stopped him cold. They were terrific.

" . . . Liberty girls," Joe added. "The daught . . ."

"Get this!" the Amazon laughed. "M'reens yet, they send! Montezuma guys!"

Scuttles blinked as the girls began to pick up their bags. "You mean . . . You mean . . . You are?"

The Amazon hesitated. "Hey, Buster . . . you pullin' my leg?"

Scuttles gazed fondly at the long, nylon-encased item in question. "No . . . you see . . . it was Oily's idea. He sent us because . . . well. The publicity . . ."

"That's it, Wiggles," one of the girls called out. "It's a publicity set-up. Dontcha see?"

"Sure," Scuttles agreed, "Oily said it'd be in all the papers . . . coast to coast."

"Well . . . Wiggles—the Amazon—had a melting smile. "Well . . . sure, Okay!"

"Say!" Scuttles ventured. "you must be the . . . the . . . duh . . ." Those eyes!

" . . . the Dragon," Joe managed.

Wiggles' laugh bubbled like champagne. "You got the right party, General. Let's go."

Joe and Scuttles fell to with bags, hat boxes and assorted suitcases. Then, triumphantly, they led the way to the sedan parked across the street.

"Classy!" Wiggles said, glancing slyly around for photographers. "Business must be good."



## DRAGON-NAPPERS (cont.)

"Terrific," Joe answered. "Especially after they peel the Hyena."

The girls burst into gales of sudden laughter.

They were soon deposited in delightful, giggling heaps on both front and back seats, with Joe and Scuttles wedged happily in on all sides by bubbling, vibrant femininity. Joe slid the sedan out from the curb, merging easily with traffic. It was a beautiful night.

The girls were lively companions, keeping up a barrage of light chit-chat. Their conversation seemed to be flavored with strange phrases like "one-nighters" and "tassel-tossing" that their escorts didn't particularly understand—but that didn't matter. Things were too pleasant to bother about trifles.

Finally, as they were purring along the pitch-black highway, Scuttles voiced a question that had begun to bother him. "Say, Wiggles . . . how'd you ever get to be a Liberty girl, or . . ." He chuckled. ". . . a dragon?"

Wiggles' answering laugh was deliciously throaty. "You mean . . . you haven't caught my dragon routine?"

"No . . . I don't . . ."

"She comes out dressed in this dragon outfit," one of the girls explained. "There's a blue spot and the tenor comes in with: 'I'm a Beast at Heart.' Then Wiggles starts to peel—a scale at a time."

Wiggles took up the explanation. "Until there's . . . well . . . there's just me! Cute, huh?"

A horrible suspicion that had been lurking with Scuttles for about ten miles was jelling fast. He hesitated; then voiced the question: "Just to review the bidding . . . You girls are the Daughters of Liberty, aren't you?"

There was a sudden, awful silence.

"Daughters?" Wiggles tensed. "Daughters of the Liberty?"

"Yeah . . . The

Washington female political group."

A dangerous, steely note had crept into Wiggles' voice. "Look, Buster . . . all I know is that this is Wiggles O'Day's troupe of dragon dancers and we're goin' on tonight at the Liberty. Now, what's the . . . ?"

"Liberty!" Scuttles blanched. "Liberty Theatre! The burlesque joint! Then . . . you're . . . you're . . ."

"Hey! What's goin' on?" Wiggles shrieked.

Bedlam broke loose. Someone jammed on the brakes. Arms, legs and fists began to flail out in all directions. There were screams, curses, groans and shrieks. The car careened to the shoulder and skidded to a shrieking stop.

When the smoke of battle began to clear Scuttles found himself on the floor next to Joe with a spike heel planted firmly on his Adam's apple. Urged by frequent proddings of the heel, he began to unfold the whole gruesome story. As he finished, Joe opened an experimental eye.

"Sounds phony," was Wiggles' comment. "All I know is . . . I'm gettin' this hack back to town right away."

"Maybe they're some of the Pinetti Mob," someone reasoned, "disguised like bus drivers."

Scuttles stirred, but the heel dug into his neck. "You're stayin' right where you are."

As the car started up, Joe and Scuttles lapsed into a deep, bitter stupor. Ugly pictures of Oily's beet-red face began to form. They could see it all . . . a bad conduct discharge . . . tramping the cold streets . . . work. It was horrible.

A grim silence settled over the speeding car. The captives were too beat down to utter a word—not that they could with an even dozen large feet that would do credit to any gravel cruncher, planted firmly on their chests. The girls were silently preoccupied with driving and watching for road signs.

And they weren't doing too well at it. Joe could feel the car turn, reverse direction and bump over rather peculiar stretches of road. All signs of civilization vanished. After about two hours of such wandering, Wiggles gave vent to a stream of pungent expressions that curled Joe's hair. She braked the car to a sliding stop.

"Okay," she said, glaring down at the prone bodies. "You win. Take us back to the city. But, no tricks!"

"No tricks," Joe whimpered.

"Lemme stay here," Scuttles pleaded. "I wanna die."

Joe slid his battered frame behind the wheel, staring glumly in all directions. They were on a gravel road pocked with king-sized foxholes. A ground fog rolled back over the sedan in eerie, gray shrouds.

"Fouled up," Joe groaned, "like a Chinese fire drill."

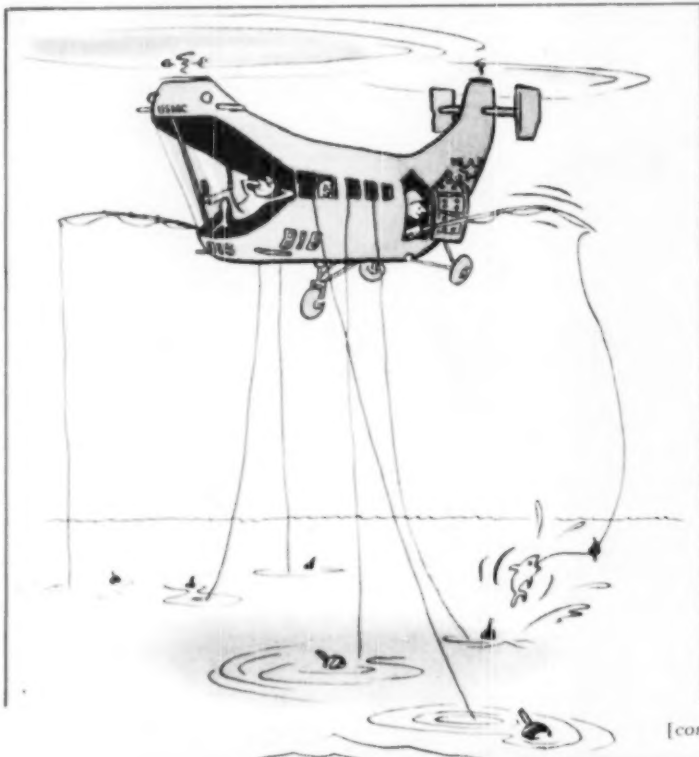
He put the sedan in gear, bumping blindly along over the savage obstacle course. The girls became one giant tossed salad of arms, legs and jolting torsos. Under other circumstances Joe would have thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle.

After an eternity of bruising progress Joe caught a glimpse of something red through a rift in the fog. It blinked briefly, and was immediately swallowed.

"We're near the airport," he announced. "I think I saw an obstruction light."

A long, low groan issued from the floor.

They jolted along



[continued on page 54]

SSgt. H. L. Morris and Pvt. Carl Johnson at the console of SP-1M height-finding gear.



# GROUND CONTROL SQUADRON

These electronics specialists will guide the air weapons of tomorrow

by Major Samuel A. Gardner

USMC

THE Marine Air Warning Squadron was conceived during World War II. Its job was to give ground units the time to prepare for incoming enemy planes, and to alert friendly fighter craft for enemy plane interception. For all of its workhorse tasks, the AWS was an unwieldy organization. Cooks, truck drivers, clerks were piled onto the squadron commander's rolls which included the electronics specialists. Today, with its name changed to Marine Ground Control Intercept Squadron, the same organization is like a '29 Essex made into a hot-rod.

In the Marine Corps Air Reserve program, the MGCIS can be developed easily into an operating field unit in case of mobilization. In a short time these units could accompany fighter groups in an overseas operation. Under present table of organization allowances, the MGCIS is manned by 60 men and 10 officers.

The squadron (continued on page 58)

Photos by SSgt. William Murphy

USMC



Reading "bogie bearings" are Corp. Gilbert P. Ames and Pfc Keith Murray



# SASIADK'S DUCKS

by TSgt. George Burlage

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Ted Sasiadek and June. Sass, a retired veteran of the Haiti campaign, adopted two unusual pets. They can't duck training—they go through boot camp daily

**D**UCKS are ducks to most people, either they are hunted from a wet blind on a cold morning or they are the noisy part of the barnyard of domestic fowl; in both cases they are destined for the dinner table. But the mere mention of roast duck to ex-Sergeant Ted Sasiadek is enough to make him turn pale. The reason: his two pet ducks June and Leona, popular personalities of the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego.

Sasiadek, better known as Sass around the depot, is presently a civil service employee on the post and custodian of the administrative building. In 1939 he retired from the Marine Corps but was called back a few months later to serve until after the war. After he retired for the second time, in 1946, he took the civilian job because he wanted to remain with the service and the men who talked his language. Although he has a home in San Diego he lives with his two ducks in one of the administrative building's extra rooms.

This strange companionship began three years ago when some one, thinking the custodian was lonesome, presented him with an ugly duckling. Sass had never taken an MCI course in farm management nor raised a child but he named his young charge June and brought her up the only way he knew—the Marine Corps way. His first thought was of cleanliness, so he bought June an old fashioned wash tub for bathing and swimming purposes and the duck paddled its first stroke under Sass' watchful eye.

Next in line was obedience. Sass, a member of the old Marine Corps who still believes in sitting on a bucket in his room and having his bunk made up regulation during working hours, brought June up in strict military surroundings. Before the duck shed its pinfeathers she was doing simple close order drill and could execute such



Saturday bath. June has not laid an egg for her master—mainly because she is a he



Photos by

SSgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer





march-maneuvers as forward, to the rear, and flank movements. According to the owner she would even do physical exercises. June, however, became jealous and insubordinate when Leona came along and mutiny threatened for awhile in the Sasiadek household.

Leona, a few days removed from the shell, became Sass' second addition to his family, but his acquired experience from duck sitting with June had trained him for any eventuality. Her nights were spent in Sass' bed to keep warm and buttoned in front of his shirt during the day for safety. Although greatly spoiled, Leona has now grown to full duckhood.

Sass has found that raising his duck family hasn't been without its worries. The day before last Thanksgiving Leona disappeared and a frantic all night search was conducted for the missing duck. The *Chevron* published an appeal for Leona's safe return while Sass, exhausted by his all night vigil, fell into a troubled sleep to dream about his young companion being carved at a Thanksgiving day feast. This was not her fate, however; she was found a few days later, alive but hungry, wedged into the underpinnings of the administrative building.

The ex-sergeant lives a life full of memories and has a great love for children. His spotless room is filled with pictures of friends' babies and of clippings and pictures of his eight years of duty in Haiti. Brought to New York from Poland at the age of two he grew up in the city's rough east side and gained respect in his neighborhood as a boxer. He still takes his daily work outs and has never drunk nor used tobacco. As a life long vegetarian Sass has never hunted nor fished but he states that he felt no misgivings over shooting a rebel in the three battles he fought while with the Marines who occupied Haiti.

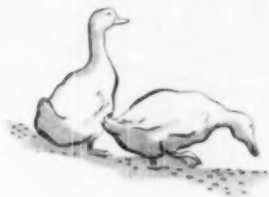
During the eight years he spent in Haiti he was affectionately known by the native children as "Charlie of the Marine Patrol" and as their best friend he was always accorded a welcome in any of the natives' homes regardless of their anti-Marine sentiments. Clippings and letters testify that he was acclaimed by Haiti's anti-American press when he left the island in the late '20s. On that day the school children were granted a holiday to permit them to see the ship and their old friend off to the States. The favorable publicity given him by the usually unfriendly press earned for him a letter of commendation for fostering better relations with the Haitians from the Major General Commandant.

Before his first retirement, the Japanese trouble in China took him to this Asiatic station on two occasions. Waiv-

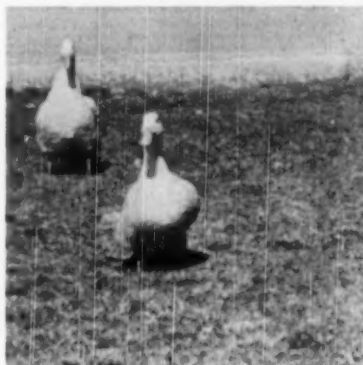
ed from overseas service during the last war because of poor eyes, Sass remained at the San Diego post where he made many new friends. One of the latter, former Corporal June Hughes, USMCR, is presently the honorary editor of the *Chevron*, a title she will hold during 1950. She received this title by popular vote after Sass had entered her photo in the *Chevron* contest last Fall.

The ducks' popularity led to a startling discovery for their owner recently when a visiting gentleman farmer pronounced them improperly named because they are both of the male species. Even with this abrupt switch of sex Sass is still proud of his family and the three of them are often found during the noon hour sleeping in the sun in the rear of the administrative building. There Sass is undoubtedly dreaming of Port au Prince, Haiti, and the coconut tree under which he wishes to be buried, and June and Leona may be dreaming of their featherless friend, who knows?

END



Fullgrown now, they perform close order drill for their DI around MCRDep, San Diego



Leona and June slept here when they were ducklings. Sass keeps a GI room



by Lieut. C. P. Lewis  
USMCR

→  
So realistic were firing demonstrations during practice maneuvers, photos had to utilize sand bags for protection

# OPERATIONS READINESS

ON the dry, sprawling acreage of Camp Joseph H. Pendleton a small corps of Marine Reservists spent several busy weeks last Summer filming "Operations Readiness," a documentary 16 millimeter film produced for television release. Its purpose was to illustrate the reason for the Reserve program and to record for the screen what takes place during the Reserve's annual Summer maneuvers.

The film, produced under the direction of Colonel G. M. Pierce, USMCR, of Los Angeles, has been shown on several West Coast TV stations. Keen public interest was reported.

The actual filming was done by two Regular Marine Corps motion picture cameramen, Staff Sergeant G. E. Dick and Technical Sergeant E. F. Knauf. Direction and editing was handled by Second Lieutenant Gordon Maynard, USMCR, of Los Angeles. Maynard, an assistant director of one of the major film companies, is public information officer for the 13th Reserve Infantry Battalion of Los Angeles.

First Lieutenant C. P. Lewis,



Recording technicians tune in on battle sounds manufactured by the 13th Reserve Infantry Battalion from Los Angeles, Calif., as it hit the beach at Camp Pendleton



USMCR, a free lance writer and publicity man in civilian life, wrote the narration for the film.

Sergeant Dean Wilson, a former announcer for the Armed Forces Radio station XABU, Tsingtao, China, was assigned temporary duty with the section and narrated the film between his duties of writing and recording radio programs featuring Reserves during their annual two-week tour of active duty.

Beside featuring the 7000 Reserves who trained at the post last year, the

film recorded units of the First Marine Division and aerial combat groups from the Marine Air Station at nearby El Toro. The fliers participated in the Reserve maneuvers, furnishing air support for attacking amphibious troops.

Lieut. Maynard and his photographic team lugged movie equipment aboard the transports to photograph Reserve units making amphibious landings and chronicle their shipboard routine. During their eight weeks of filming they flew in a Marine Air transport from El Toro to Seattle, Wash., and back,

to record the aerial transportation of troops of the 11th Reserve Battalion from their home armory to the vast training grounds of Camp Pendleton.

With line units they plodded along on hikes, charged up the beaches, and made the choppy ride from transports to the shoreline—a ride which became familiar to thousands of Reserves during World War II. The cameramen worked with artillery units, tank units from nearby Camp Del Mar, and journeyed to the amphibious training base at Coronado to film the activities of the amphibious tractor units in training there.

One of the best scenes of "Operations Readiness" is a demonstration of a platoon in the attack as staged by a special team from the First Marine Division. To onlookers it may have been just a demonstration, but as seen through the camera's eye, it appears as authentic as much of the footage taken during the war at such places as Tarawa, Peleliu and Iwo Jima.

Technical Sergeant Howard E. Wallace who was recording technician for all transcribed radio shows made during the Summer training period, recorded the sound effects which were dubbed into the finished silent film.

All hands, Regular and Reserve, volunteered to work all night on the recording session so that the film could be shown to a group of Reservists before they left for their home armories the following day.

Reserve officers in charge of the various units which had been filmed in action were enthusiastic. One of the officers remarked: "If prints of this could be furnished each of the Reserve districts for showing by the various Organized Reserve units, it would do more recruiting for us in an evening than the whole battalion might in a month of talking."

A Reserve colonel expressed the opinion that the film should be distributed through one of the major film companies. He believes that this distribution would help to promote the Reserve program and graphically point out to the public the purpose and need for a strong Reserve force.

When shown to a group from the Los Angeles Newsmen's Association, the film received many commendations. One of the men scored it as "tops for peacetime service films."

Regardless of the film's future, its production proves that the Reserve and Regular components of the Marine Corps have lost nothing of their old wartime cooperative spirit. They still know and practice the meaning of teamwork. The effort that went into the making of "Operations Readiness" is ample proof.

END



Col. George M. Pierce, 2nd Lt. Gordon Maynard and Pvt. James Morrison, members of Los Angeles Reserves, inspect assembled footage of "Operations Readiness"

## DRAGON-NAPPERS

[continued from page 48]

a few hundred feet more, forded a small stream, pushed thru a thicket of tangled bushes and . . . quite suddenly, they were on a paved concrete surface. A large number was painted on the edge of it.

"Highway 35," Wiggles announced. But Joe had spotted the red light again. It seemed to be much closer now—and moving. His foot heaved on the accelerator pedal. The light was soon joined by a second—then a third—a fourth. They were definitely moving now—rather frantically, Joe thought. A shrill police whistle blasted out of the gloom.

"Cops!" Joe groaned. "No!"

Pure panic gripped him as he jammed the pedal to the floor. Lights were flashing at him from every direction. There were scattered shouts . . . curses. The sedan lurched as it burst through a rope barrier. It careened a few more feet and squished to a sticky stop like a fly trapped in a molasses barrel. A floodlight winked to life, turning the entire area into day.

"Ohhhhhh . . . no!"

Joe took one look at the ghastly scene and turned chalk-white. The car was firmly anchored hub-deep in the fresh cement of the Hyena's launching ramp! Highway 35 had been a runaway strip!

"You idiot!" Wiggles was screaming. "You jerk!"

A cordon of furious Grumblin guards lined the edge of the fresh cement, screaming, shaking fists and brandishing ugly .45s. Sirens screamed in the distance and red spotlights stabbed angrily through the fog. Then Joe executed a very unethical maneuver . . . he passed out.

When Joe struggled back to life he found himself looking into the white, well-clawed face of Scuttles. A sickly, morning sun struggled thru the window of their room, falling upon a large red cross painted on the wall. Joe snapped to a sitting position.

"Where are we . . . hospital?"

"Grumblin's first aid station," Scuttles explained. "We spent the night here—what was left of it. They doped us up so we could sleep."

Joe rubbed his throbbing head. "What happened?"

"It was a nightmare. We were out there over an hour before they could get to us. They were madder'n hornets. Everybody was there . . . reporters . . . photographers . . ."

"The gals . . ." Joe recalled. "What . . . ?"

Scuttles ruefully massaged his scratched face. "They were sore, too."

"And . . . what about . . ." Joe swallowed hard. ". . . Oily?"

As in answer to his question a tweedy fellow suddenly appeared with the news that they were wanted in the front office right away. He wore an ugly, twisted smirk—like Oily's.

"This is it," Scuttles whispered.

As they followed the tweedy person in silence they had the uncomfortable feeling that slit trousers and shaved heads would be appropriate for what was undoubtedly their last service mile. They paused outside the door, took deep breaths and entered.

But Oily wasn't alone. A stocky, greying gent was enthusiastically pawing through a stack of morning papers. Oily's face was a study of complete confusion and astonishment.

"Page one in all the locals!" the stocky gent shouted. "AP and UP are running the whole thing—with pix! Every edition in the country will have it by noon! The radio networks are eating it up!" His face purpled with excitement. "What a stunt . . . cheese-cake and jets! The Hyena'll get more space than the Banshee. Biggest publicity blast the industry has ever seen!"

Oily's tweedy assistant was also

blinking. "Know who he is?" he whispered.

"A nut?" Joe ventured.

"Mr. Grumblin—himself! You fellas are heroes."

A ray of hope suddenly blinked through the unfolding drama. Between Grumblin's flailing arms they could catch glimpses of papers spread out in confusion on Oily's desk. There were front page pictures of the mired sedan . . . of guards carrying leggy, rather exposed burlesque queens through a sea of fresh cement . . . Wiggles O'Day herself, carrying a guard. A black headline read:

### HYENA HOST TO DRAGON STRIPPERS

Grumblin screamed in pure ecstasy and rushed out to greet the throng of reporters jamming the reception room.

The office suddenly became quiet—very quiet. Oily glanced alternately at Joe and Scuttles; then back at the headlines. When he finally spoke his voice held a strange note of humility.

"Tell you what . . . I'll give you a straight 4.0 on the course and recommend you both for a stripe."

"Tell you what," Joe said, "we're goin' into town."

"Yeah," Scuttles added, "we met some gals last night who like publicity, too!"

END







"I'll take GRANGER  
every time. It's really  
MILD and COOL."

*Eddie Joost*

STAR SHORTSTOP  
PHILADELPHIA  
ATHLETICS



# GRANGER

PIPE TOBACCO



# The Ancient SOCIETY GUMBEATERS

Be it known

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

has mastered the Art of Gum  
retained on the master rolls  
thereto forevermore. An order  
perpetuate the glorious tradition  
will give the Mystic Society the  
slightest disturbance to the  
bodily comfort.

In Testimony  
endorses of the above  
our John Henrys and  
Society, this \_\_\_\_\_  
in the year One Thousand  
and \_\_\_\_\_

By order \_\_\_\_\_

**Free - -** A beautifully printed 9 x 13½  
GUMBEATERS CERTIFICATE suitable for framing—

IT'S YOURS!

Just fill in the special subscription card.  
(One certificate with each one year subscription or renewal)

**M**ARINES have always been experts at chopping the gums—but this sport had no official sanction until Fred Lasswell founded the Ancient and Mystic Society of Gumbeaters. Cartoonist Lasswell (then a sergeant and a gumbeater) is better known as the creator of the comic strip characters "Snuffy Smith," "Hashmark," etc., but his SOG fraternity, dedicated to TS and Chop Chop, has endeared him to every Marine griper. New members note an amazing improvement in hissing and moaning techniques!

# and Mystic OF MERS

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EXALTED KEEPER OF THE T.S. SLIPS

GRAND MASTER OF THE CHOP CHOP



## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 11]

As I said before, I think it a very good idea that each squadron wear a patch on their left shoulder. It adds class, to the now drab greens. Of course, it wouldn't do for the blues.

(Name and station withheld)

\*\*\*

Sirs:

I am writing in regard to the patches we used to wear designating our different outfits. Many of the men who have been in quite awhile, and some new Marines, are still wondering why they did away with them. We have already read that the Corps does not want different units, but wants to be considered as a whole group. I am stationed at NATTC, Memphis, Tenn., going to school. Many of the men I have spoken to before leaving Cherry Point said that they wished the patches would be brought back. It seems that here the Marines think the same way.

I have been in for two years and expect to make the Marine Corps my career. I'd like it very much if the shoulder patches would come back.

(Name withheld)

Memphis, Tenn.



• The Marine Corps did away with unit shoulder patches shortly after the war. The idea was that a Marine is a Marine and in the smaller peacetime organization loyalty should be directed toward the whole Corps and not to a particular unit.

Another school of thought as represented by the two letters above would like to see the patches a part of the uniform today. Men in the FMF particularly like to have some distinguishing device to indicate their current duty in a combat unit in contrast to their many brother Marines who are having it a bit easier at some post or station assignment.

We think there is a definite morale factor in the use of patches for FMF troops and sea detachments, and they do dress up the greens. However, we do not think all of the honorable wartime patches were of good design.

Most of the world's military units wear distinguishing devices on their uniforms. We think that the value of patches for Marine combat units should be reconsidered.—Editor - Publisher.



## RETIREMENT PAY

Sirs,

I am writing for information which I can't seem to obtain locally and wondered if *Leatherneck* could help me out.

The questions pertain to the present pay and retirement benefits offered in the Marine Corps under the new pay bill.

(1) How much pay does a Marine master sergeant get who completes 21 years active service and is retired or transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve?

(2) How much does one get who completes 22 years active service?

(3) Under the new pay bill will the same rules govern eligibility for transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve?

(4) Does a Marine receive credit for 22 years service if he desired transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve with 21½ years service?

The questions asked pertain to one who enlisted subsequent to 1925 and has broken service with a total of 21 years, one month, ACTIVE service in both the Regular Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve and one who is now serving in the Marine Corps.

MSgt. T. W. Caldwell

Cherry Point, N. C.

• Your answers are as follows: (1) \$138.92 per month. (2) \$153.62 per month. (3) There is some confusion on this matter but apparently the same rules will apply. (4) At this writing, the question of 22 years credit for 21½ years of service had been placed before the Comptroller General of the United States for judgment regarding the propriety of such payment but until a judgment is delivered the Marine Corps will continue to pay the higher rate.—Ed.

END

F	I	E	L	D	S	T	R	I	P	S	C
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R	A	A	F	I	R	E	R	C			
C	A	P	E	R	R	I	P	E	R		
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E	T	D	I	S	C	I	P	L	I	N	E

## GROUND CONTROL SQUADRON

[continued from page 49]

breaks down into two operational sections: Communication and Interception. Additional personnel include a small headquarters administration group, a transportation unit and a supply crew. During a simulated action, which is part of the Reserve training program, nearly every man is checked out on the highly technical equipment. (Units of the Marine Air Reserve hold training periods twice a month.)

A typical operation begins with a briefing by a fighter squadron Air Combat Intelligence officer. The area of the action is discussed, also the IFF code (Identification-Friend-Foe radio channel), frequencies, and call signs and altitudes are carefully explained to the pilots. Generally, four planes are assigned to intercept work and these are split into two, two-plane sections. One section is to act as a "bogy" or enemy and the other is friendly. The bogy is given a prescribed course of action while the protecting craft is assigned a patrol station until the enemy attacks.

During the problems the bogy may take any evasive action except breaking radio discipline and giving phony instructions to his attacker. The intercepts are made at any altitude.

The majority of the squadrons have instituted classroom instruction in communications, radar and motor transport subjects which round out the training syllabus on non-flying drill periods. Some units have been issued "Intercept Trainers." This piece of equipment is a radar "link" with a radar scope upon which is simulated data comparable to actual operation.

Equipment used in actual operation is of the same type used by regular MGCIS units attached to the Corps' two air wings. The only difference between Regular and Reserve property is the Regular's long-range search gear. During the annual training encampments of the past two years, the Reserves have had the opportunity to check out on the long-range equipment.

Future tactics of aerial warfare are being studied. It may be theorized that unmanned guided missiles will destroy enemy attackers, but however the science of warfare changes it will require trained men with technical backgrounds to operate the equipment. The new Marine Air Reserve Ground Controlled Intercept Squadron provides a current training ground to fill this need. END





## *"Is it too late, Doctor?"*

Sooner or later, one out of every five living Americans may ask his doctor this question about cancer.

**T**HE answer may be: "Yes... I'm afraid so..."

But, today, the doctor can say to increasing numbers of cancer victims, "No, it is by no means too late... There is much that we can do... In fact, your chances for recovery are good."

This heartening reply reflects the great progress of medical science against cancer. And there is every reason to believe that, as the years go by, the ancient dream of conquering this disease in all its forms will be realized.

Cancer research supported by the American Cancer Society has already yielded new surgical techniques and improved methods of using x-ray and radium. More recently, research with radio-active isotopes has revealed facts about processes heretofore completely hidden in the body's cells. It has also given scientists new knowledge of hormones and certain anti-cancer drugs — thus making


possible more effective control of some types of cancer.

Part of the money you donate will support research that may save millions of lives. Won't you give — and give generously — so that sometime in the future doctors may never have to face another patient and say: "I'm afraid it's too late?"

Remember: Cancer can strike anyone, but you can strike back. There's hope — if you give for research and the other vital activities of the American Cancer Society.

**HELP SCIENCE HELP YOU**

Join the 1950  
Crusade of the  
**American Cancer  
Society**



MAIL YOUR CHECK TODAY TO  
"CANCER" IN CARE OF YOUR LOCAL POST OFFICE

# MARINE CORPS CHARGES

## Marine Corps Special Orders

#37-50

to

## Marine Corps Special Orders

#66-50

URBANIAK, JOSEPH T., Mgt., (0149) fr MB Lg-  
pense to MD USR fr ROOSEVELT  
MINCEY, VIRGIL D., Mgt., (0149) fr MD USR F.  
D. ROOSEVELT to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
HANEY, JAMES E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to MCRD P.I.  
SPENCER, GEORGE D., Mgt., (0149) fr DF San-  
Fran to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
ROBBIE, WOODROW W., Tgt., (0249) fr MB NTC  
Great Lakes IL to MCAS Cherry Point  
ROSS, HOWARD D., Tgt., (0249) fr MCRD P.I.  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
TRIPP, RAYMOND E., Mgt., (0249) fr MCR Quan-  
tities to MCAS Cherry Point  
HOKE, JAMES C., Tgt., (0349) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
MALKOWSKI, GEORGE P., Mgt., (0147) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
GUTHRIE, JOHN D., Mgt., (0147) fr 2d  
MCB NY to MCAS Cherry Point  
JOHNSON, BEN C., JR., Mgt., (1139) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
METZ, GEORGE P., Mgt., (1139) fr FMFPac  
to MCR Quantities  
PLATTER, JAMES M., Mgt., (0149) to FMFPac  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
LYMAN, THOMAS C., Mgt., (0500) fr FMFPac  
to MCRD P.I.  
WOLFF, LEROY H., Mgt., (0500) fr MWRD St Louis  
Mo to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
JOHNSTON, HAROLD H., Mgt., (0431) fr SHD Dal-  
las to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
BURGES, WILFRED M., Mgt., (0149) fr MB NAD  
Newport RI to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
CALLMAN, IRA E., Mgt., (0149) fr 2dMCB P.I.  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
RAWLINSON, ROBERT H., JR., Mgt., (0149) fr DF  
SanFran to MCRD P.I.  
KNIGHT, EDWIN D., Mgt., (1819) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to MCRD P.I.  
LEWANSKI, EDWARD F., Tgt., (0831) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
EVANS, ROBERT L., Mgt., (0831) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
EDWARDS, JOSEPH M., Tgt., (0147) fr MB NAD  
Newport RI to MCRD P.I.  
NOWAK, TEDDY W., Tgt., (0239) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to FMFPac  
MCKINNEY, NORMAN E., Tgt., (0239) fr MCR  
Quantities to MB NAD Brooklyn NY  
ELLER, ALVIN V., Tgt., (0239) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to MCRD P.I.  
WELLS, HAROLD B., Tgt., (0431) fr MB Lejune  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
FOWLER, RICHARD W., Tgt., (0147) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB Lejune  
MCHESNEY, RICHARD E., Mgt., (0147) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
MCKINLEY, JOHN W., Mgt., (1139) fr FMFPac  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
LONGCREEK, GEORGE A., Mgt., (1139) fr FMFPac  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
BRANKE, WADE E., Mgt., (0351) fr DF SanFran  
to MB NTC Great Lakes  
RUFF, WILLIAM L., Mgt., (0431) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MB NTC Great Lakes IL  
MAULE, ALBERT P., Mgt., (0149) fr 2dMCB  
WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
KELLER, MATTHEW L., Mgt., (0149) fr 2dMCB  
WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
NIEWANDER, WILFRED M., Mgt., (0149) fr  
FMFPac to MCR Quantities  
LINDQUIST, FRANK E., Mgt., (0149) fr MB NAD  
Newport RI to MCRD P.I.  
FRANCIS, GEORGE, Tgt., (0541) fr MCRD P.I.  
to LA BARRE, WALTER F., Tgt., (0500) fr MB  
NAD Newport RI to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
DODDS, THOMAS C., Mgt., (0519) fr MCRD  
Turner, RICHARD M., Mgt., (0147) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MD USR MCRD P.I.  
CLINCH, JOSEPH A., Mgt., (0231) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
HUNTER, GERALD E., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCAS Cherry Point  
EVERETT, ARTHUR E., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
HUBBARD, JAMES D., Tgt., (0719) fr DF SanFran  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
WILLIS, JOHN W., Tgt., (0309) fr DF SanFran  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC

LABEL, RAYMOND F., Tgt., (0448) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to DF SanFran  
COX, EDWARD, Tgt., (0419) fr MCR Quantities  
to FMFPac MB NTC  
WIRIAND, VICTOR, Tgt., (0149) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
PREYBYLA, RAYMOND A., Mgt., (0111) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MD USR F.D. ROOSEVELT  
HARDEY, ALLAN E., Mgt., (0147) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to DF SanFran  
MILLER, WALLACE E., Mgt., (0147) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
WILKINSON, JOHN L., Mgt., (0147) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
HOLT, CLAUDE A., Mgt., (0371) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MB Lejune  
SIDLUKAR, CHARLES E., Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
KENOR, CHARLES C., Mgt., (0249) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
BLAKESLEY, WALTER L., Tgt., (0319) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
BITCHIEY, GLENN R., Tgt., (0147) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to MB NTC Great Lakes IL  
SINKER, BRUCE H., Mgt., (1111) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to DF SanFran  
DELE, WILLIAM C., JR., Mgt., (0311) fr SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
HALLIDAY, HARLOW H., Mgt., (0371) fr FMFPac  
to MCR Quantities  
THOMAS, ROBERT E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
KINCAID, JOHN E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
SPOTANSKI, JOHN H., Mgt., (0519) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
NAFF, JAMES L., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
MCNAIR, EDWARD W., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
DIVOKY, ROBERT J., Tgt., (0519) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
ROBERTS, HOWARD J., Tgt., (0379) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
BROWN, FARRALL E., Tgt., (0519) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
MELTON, LARRY E., Tgt., (0519) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
LAMSON, MERRILL J., Tgt., (0519) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
TUCCI, JOHN J., Tgt., (0449) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
SHERMAN, GEORGE E., Mgt., (0519) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
NERTZ, EDWARD D., Tgt., (0419) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
MATTHEWS, CHARLES, Tgt., (0419) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
BURGAN, JAMES A., Mgt., (0147) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
MEDLON, FREDERICK E., Mgt., (0519) fr MCAS  
El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
SCHNEIDER, FRANK J., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS  
El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
SMITH, ROBERT W., JR., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
RITTERSON, GEORGE H., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
KRAMER, WILLIAM E., Mgt., (0419) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCAS Cherry Point  
JACOBSEN, THOM L., Mgt., (0531) fr MCAS Quan-  
tities  
SINGER, JAMES L., Mgt., (0531) fr MCAS El Toro  
to MCR Quantities  
DURAND, ANTHONY, Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to F.D. ROOSEVELT  
ALBRECHT, DONALD E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS  
Cherry Point to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
WOELFEL, GEORGE J., JR., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS  
Cherry Point to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
HARDY, CARL E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCR Quantities  
GREEN, HERBERT B., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCR Quantities  
GRAFTON, PAUL E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCR Quantities  
BURR, JOHN E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
ROBINSON, ANDREW J., JR., Mgt., (0149) fr  
MCRD P.I. to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
CANTOR, BERNARD L., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
HIER, EARL J., Tgt., (0309) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCAS Cherry Point  
MORRIS, JESSE E., Tgt., (0211) fr MD Port Lejune  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
LUCAS, CLIFFORD K., Mgt., (0309) fr MD USR  
F.D. ROOSEVELT to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
WALLINGFORD, ROGER E., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMar-  
Div Lejune to MB NTC Great Lakes  
DOLLY, JOHN H., Mgt., (0149) fr MB Lejune  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
COLLINS, HARRY L., Tgt., (0500) fr DF SanFran  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
CANVELLO, VICTOR A., Mgt., (0314) fr Hq. FMFPac  
to MCR Quantities  
LOWE, BENJAMIN E., Mgt., (0314) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MB NTC Great Lakes  
NORRIS, CORNELIUS G., Tgt., (7119) fr MB Lejune  
to MCR Quantities  
GALLAGHER, HAROLD J., Tgt., (0314) fr 2dMCB  
NOLA to MB Lejune  
ELLER, OLIVER M., Tgt., (0314) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
BRINK, KERMIT G., Tgt., (0309) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
SCHULTZ, CLEMENT D., Tgt., (0319) fr MB NAD  
Crane Ind. to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
MARTINSON, MARTIN R., Mgt., (0319) fr MB NAD  
Crane Ind. to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
VOICOSKI, RAYMOND J., Mgt., (0719) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
LEWIS, GERALD L., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
MORSE, WYNN T., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
YOUNG, JOSEPH A., JR., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
STANLEY, RAYMOND J., Mgt., (0311) fr MB NAD  
Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
CARON, JAMES O., Mgt., (0311) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
AHOTT, GEORGE E., Mgt., (0500) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCR Quantities  
HRAEY, ALBERT B., Mgt., (0319) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to MB Lejune

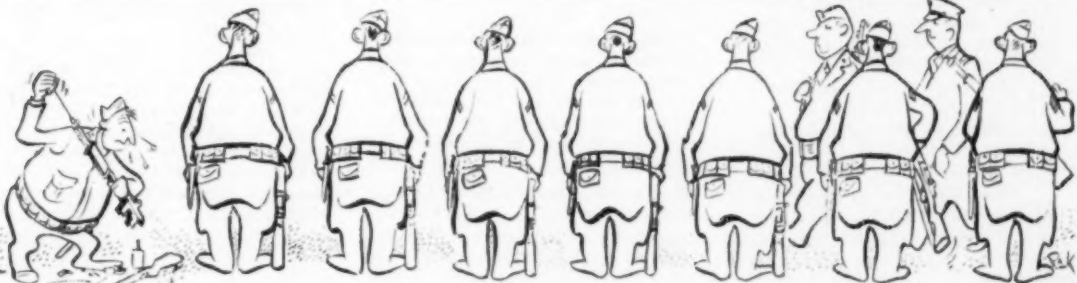
MC CONNELL, GERALD A., Tgt., (0209) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCR Quantities  
FAAET, JOSEPH E., JR., Tgt., (0119) fr MB NTC  
Great Lakes IL to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
TOWNSEND, JAMES E., Mgt., (0541) fr MCAS El  
Toro to MCR Quantities  
LOTT, HENRY W., Mgt., (0311) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to MCR Quantities  
YOUNG, JAMES E., Mgt., (0147) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCAS Cherry Point  
EXMAN, ROBERT A., Tgt., (0379) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
RAINS, FRANK A., Tgt., (0147) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MB Lejune  
ARNOLD, DENNIS L., Mgt., (0371) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MB Lejune  
WALKER, JAMES E., Mgt., (0371) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCR Quantities  
VETRAL, EDWIN R., Tgt., (0149) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
MC QUAD, ROBERT J., Mgt., (0149) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
BUCHANAN, JERRY J., JR., Mgt., (0147) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
DAVIS, DALE N., Mgt., (0147) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
NICHOLS, ROBERT J., Mgt., (0147) fr DF SanFran  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
GREEN, CARL D., Tgt., (0371) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
WERNER, EDWIN E., Mgt., (0147) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
BENNETT, JAMES E., Mgt., (0147) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
KINNEY, PAUL E., Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
BUTCH, NELSON A., Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
PETERSON, ROBERT F., Mgt., (0309) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
WYLLIE, WILLIAM L., Mgt., (0309) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
SCHLICK, JOSEPH K., Mgt., (0149) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to MCR Quantities  
EDWARDS, JOHN J., Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I.  
to MCRD P.I.  
TURNBULL, ROBERT E., Mgt., (0319) fr MWRD  
St Louis to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
COUSINEAU, JONATHAN, Mgt., (0149) fr  
2dMarDiv Lejune to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
FARMER, DAVID C., Mgt., (0309) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
LEWIS, ARTHUR U., Tgt., (0379) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCAS El Toro  
PETERSE, LEO A., Tgt., (0379) fr 2dMarDiv Lejune  
to MCAS El Toro  
BRENNAN, ADOLPH D., Mgt., (0149) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
HUBBARD, RALPH F., Tgt., (0149) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
FRANKLIN, EDWIN E., Tgt., (0149) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
KAGLIN, LEO, Tgt., (0309) fr MB Lejune to MCR  
Quantities  
ROBBINS, JOHN T., Mgt., (0111) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
BLAHITA, ALVIN H., Tgt., (0149) fr MCR Quantities  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
THOMSON, ALVIN H., Mgt., (0149) fr MCR Quantities  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
LISTER, RICHARD M., Tgt., (0319) fr MCR Quantities  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
ROBERTSON, JAMES B., Tgt., (0309) fr MB NAD  
Pen-  
sacola to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
FERRELL, JAMES E., Mgt., (0149) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
HOLLINGHEAD, LARRY M., Tgt., (0349) fr DF  
SanFran to MCRD P.I.  
GOUCHER, RICHARD L., Tgt., (0319) fr DF SanFran  
to MCRD P.I.  
LUCAS, CLIFFORD K., Mgt., (0309) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NTC Great Lakes  
MORRIS, CLIFFORD K., Mgt., (0309) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MB NTC Great Lakes  
WICKMAN, GEORGE A., Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
CRESKOR, LAURENCE C., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMar-  
Div Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
TAYLOR, WAYNE E., Mgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
FISCHER, PAUL H., Mgt., (0319) fr MCRD P.I.  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
GLANSETT, CHARLES H., Mgt., (0319) fr MCRD P.I.  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
DOUGLAS, ROGER B., Mgt., (0304) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
ROHN, ROBERT E., Mgt., (0304) fr CRD Chl.  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
VOLPE, GEORGE A., Tgt., (0379) fr MCAS Cherry  
Point to MB Lejune  
FRANKLIN, LEWIS, Tgt., (0314) fr DF SanFran  
to 2dMarDiv Lejune  
MAURER, BERNARD F., Tgt., (0379) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCAS Cherry Point  
HIPWELL, LOUIS F., Tgt., (0319) fr 2dMarDiv  
Lejune to MCR Quantities  
DEAN, FRED L., Tgt., (0309) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
MIEKOW, OTTO E., Tgt., (0119) fr DF SanFran  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
HALBROOK, ALFRED E., Tgt., (0149) fr DF SanFran  
to MCR Quantities  
WESTWORTH, RAYMOND J., Tgt., (0149) fr 2dMar-  
Div Lejune to MCRD P.I.  
KLEITEL, GEORGE B., Mgt., (0149) fr FMFPac  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
CONDON, RAYMOND W., Mgt., (0149) fr FMFPac  
to MCAS El Toro  
MELAKI, WALTER J., Mgt., (0419) fr MCR Quan-  
tities to MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
BRUMMETT, MIKE H., Mgt., (0149) fr MB NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCAS Cherry Point  
POWERS, WALTER F., Mgt., (0419) fr MB Lejune  
to Hq. HqMC WashDC  
VANDERBEEK, JACK L., Mgt., (0149) fr MB NAD  
Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
HOPE, FRED, Mgt., (0149) fr MCRD P.I. to MB  
NAD Pen-  
sacola to MCR Quantities  
STALEY, WILLIAM M., Mgt., (0149) fr Hq. HqMC  
WashDC to MCRD P.I.  
RIGBY, ROY E., Mgt., (0149) fr MCR Quantities  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
BAISAM, STUART B., Tgt., (0149) fr MCR Quantities  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
FISHER, WALTER F., Tgt., (0149) fr MCR Quantities  
to MCAS Cherry Point  
CADDY, ELMER F., Tgt., (0409) fr MCR Quantities  
to MCAS Cherry Point

COMPTON, FLOYD E., Tsgt. (6400) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 MORIN, RAYMOND W., Tsgt. (6400) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 RAMONDETTA, DOMINIC L., Ssgt. (6415) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 JORDAN, HOWARD V., JR., Ssgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 KERNODLE, JOHN E., JR., Ssgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 HUMPHRIES, HAROLD L., Tsgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 KRUEGER, HARVEY W., Tsgt. (6400) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 ROSS, CALVIN E., Ssgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 THAIN, WALTER T., Tsgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 VANOVER, THOMAS C., Tsgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 HUNTER, ROBERT M., Ssgt. (6411) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 PANROW, ARNOLD F., Ssgt. (6511) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 REITER, GEORGE L., Ssgt. (6511) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 DIAZ, ALEX., Tsgt. (6519) fr MB CamLej to FMFPac.  
 HINTON, ALVIN J., Tsgt. (6516) fr HqHn HQMC WashDC to MB NTC Great Lakes IL.  
 KOWING, WILLARD E., Tsgt. (6531) fr MWRD St Louis to 1stMarDiv CamPon.  
 TORRES, JERRY G., Ssgt. (6536) fr MCAS El Toro to MB CamPon.  
 CHUCK, HARRIS, Ssgt. (3000) fr DP SanFran to MB CamPon.  
 DICK, GEORGE E., Ssgt. (4031) fr 1stMarDiv CamPon to MWRD St Louis.  
 WADDICK, JOHN E., Ssgt. (1120) fr 1stMarDiv CamLej to MB NTC Great Lakes IL.  
 SHACKLEFORD, HUNTER M., Ssgt. (6140) fr 3dMarDiv CamLej to MCS Quantico.  
 SAMMONS, RAYMOND A., Ssgt. (6140) fr 3dMarDiv CamLej to MCS Quantico.  
 PETTINGER, EARL E., Ssgt. (6419) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 THOMPSON, RICHARD M., Ssgt. (6519) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
 CLIFFORD, PAUL J., Ssgt. (6511) fr MCS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.  
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